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TRANSATLANTIC CRITICISM.

Emerson, and other Essays. By John Jay Chapman. (Nutt.)

WE do not see that there is any *a priori* reason why America should not produce a great literary critic. That she has not as yet done so is, of course, nothing. So far American literature, viewed largely, has been merely a derivative thing, the reflection, slightly enough modified by the reflecting medium, of European modes of thought and European habits of expression. The authentic American voice has still to declare itself. Nor need we expect the new note in the choir of the peoples until the now dominant impulse of material progress receives its check. A nation must finish making itself before it can begin to make its literature. The first condition of play, the physiologists tell you, is a relaxation in the tension of the struggle for livelihood; and literature, viewed as a branch of mental activity generally, is, after all, of the nature of play. But when America, as we suppose will be the case some day, slacks off the machinery, and develops an imagination, we do not, as we have said, see why the literary result should not be in a large measure critical. In many ways the spiritual position of America is well placed for criticism. She is in a backwater of the main stream of human thought, but yet a backwater through which a sufficient current passes to prevent it from becoming altogether stagnant. A critic must have a certain measure of sympathy with the body of literature which he criticises, and again a certain measure of detachment from it. And this is precisely the natural relation of American writers to the whole of the European literature of a number of centuries. They are of it, if not by continuity of tradition, at least by kinship of blood; and yet they stand far enough aloof to enjoy the possibility of a perspective, to see the whole synoptically and escape the disturbing insistence of a part.

Therefore, while we watch all the developments of American literature with hope, we fix our eyes with especial interest on the

attempts in the direction of criticism which from time to time reach us across the Atlantic. This it is which leads us to speak at some length of the really rather notable essays of Mr. John Jay Chapman. Merely as a writer, Mr. Chapman does not attract us very much. We acknowledge in him many merits. He is vigorous, incisive, terse. He makes quite clear to himself what he means to say, and says it straight. And the total effect is, in our ears at least, a little *staccato*, a little smart, even a little flashy. Like certain writers of our own, Mr. Chapman is so anxious to put off the frippery of conventional literary diction, that he assumes with undue readiness the frippery of slang. For instance, it comes upon us with a jar, outside the columns of a newspaper, to be told, as Mr. Chapman does not hesitate to tell us, that this or that would "write up" into a monograph. Would "write up"; does not this smack somewhat of the "barbaric yawp"? But as for the matter of Mr. Chapman's disquisitions, it seems to us again and again uncommonly good. To begin with, it is his own. With a quite adequate equipment of scholarship, Mr. Chapman yet sees, and sees clearly, for himself. He is singularly free from that trick of gravely repeating commonplaces which seems inherent in the method of some even of the most eminent critics. He does not take up a subject unless he has something really to add, to elucidate. And, therefore, even where you disagree with him most, it is at least not waste of time to hear what he has to say. He may not be final, for all his attitude of finality; but certainly he will be suggestive, stimulating. Besides seeing for himself, Mr. Chapman has the determination, so characteristic of what is best in the distinctively modern attitude to things, to see precisely, to see the object as it is. Consequently his criticism is often, in appearance, destructive rather than constructive. Before you can get at what a thing is in literature, you have to blow away and dispel so many popular phantasies of what it is not. Every considerable literary reputation becomes the *point de repère* for a whole flood of inexact thinking, accumulates in time such a deposit of falsehoods and misconceptions, that the real outlines of the underlying personality often seem almost irretrievably lost. Instead of a man you have a lay-figure, the creation of a sentiment, surrounded with a halo of foolish praise and decked out with contradictory qualities of greatness. To attack such *idola fori*, to ruthlessly analyse and destroy such falsely idealised portraits, to get rid of all the sentimentality and fluff of popular criticism, is one of Mr. Chapman's favourite exercises.

You find him so occupied in two of the best essays in the book, those on Walt Whitman and Robert Louis Stevenson. Thus he tilts gaily at that conception of Walt Whitman, which has, perhaps, become conventional in English criticism, as being in some way representative of America as a whole, the type of a great crude continent from which he springs. As a matter of fact, says Mr. Chapman, Whitman is not representative of America at all. American

culture is a "secondary and tertiary" thing—a culture of "respectable mediocrity." Whittier and Longfellow, not Whitman, voice its ideals. Mrs. Meynell, by the way, makes much the same point, if we remember right, in an interesting essay, where she claims that the proper epithet for America is "decivilised" rather than "uncivilised." But let Mr. Chapman continue:

"It is ungrateful to note Whitman's limitations, his lack of human passion, the falseness of many of his notions about the American people. The man knew the world merely as an observer; he was never a living part of it, and no mere observer can understand the life about him. Even his work during the war was mainly the work of an observer, and his poems and notes upon the period are picturesque. As to his talk about comrades and Manhattan car-drivers, and brass-founders displaying their brawny arms round each other's brawny necks, all this gush and sentiment in Whitman's poetry is false to life. It has a lyrical value, as representing Whitman's personal feelings; but no one else in the country was ever found who felt or acted like this. In fact, in all that concerns the human relations Walt Whitman is as unreal as, let us say, William Morris; and the American mechanic would probably prefer Sigurd the Volsung, and understand it better than Whitman's poetry."

In place of the popular puppet of a Whitman thus knocked down, Mr. Chapman would set up a new image, based on deeper insight and finer analysis. Whitman is of cosmic rather than local import, a type, but in no way a distinctively American type. He is one of the tramps of nature; one of those for whom civilisation is a fetter and organisation a drudgery, and a life in the open air, by the roadside, the only tolerable existence. For such

"the great mystery of consciousness and effort is quietly dissolved into the vacant happiness of sensation—not base sensation, but the sensation of the dawn and the sunset, of the mart and the theatre, and the stars, the panorama of the universe."

By such a formula would Mr. Chapman explain the truth and beauty of Whitman's work as an expression of "the physical joy of mere living," side by side with its falseness and tawdriness as an expression of the manner of man's life in the human relationships, in multitudes and in cities.

Mr. Chapman's essay on Stevenson takes a line of deliberate, though by no means unqualified, depreciation. Stevenson's popularity has run, he tells us, "at times into hero-worship and at times into drawing-room fatuity." And then he goes on to show that Stevenson was not great, because he never wrote at first hand. He was always repeating with infinite versatility and grace the manner of some other man who had attracted him. He was "the most extraordinary mimic that has ever appeared in literature." Remorselessly Mr. Chapman tracks this clue through the tale of Stevenson's volumes, finding the root of the whole matter in the excessive self-consciousness of the writer's method, his fixed intention to be an artist. It is the view of things embodied in that famous parallel between the artist and the daughter of joy which "degrades and belittles" a writer in his own respect. For Stevenson the Alexandrine doctrine spelt failure; this,

and the fact that he had nothing to say, could only resay.

"The reason why Stevenson represents a backward movement in literature is that literature lives by the pouring into it of new words from speech and new thoughts from life, and Stevenson used all his powers to exclude both from his work: he lived and wrote in the past. That this Scotchman should appear at the end of what has been a very great period of English literature, and summarise the whole of it in his two hours' traffic on the stage, gives him a strange place in the history of that literature. He is the Improvisatore, and nothing more. It is impossible to assign him rank in any line of writing. If you shut your eyes to try and place him, you find that you cannot do it. The effect he produces while we are reading him vanishes as we lay down the book, and we can recall nothing but a succession of flavours. It is not to be expected that posterity will take much interest in him, for his point and meaning are impressional. He is ephemeral, a shadow, a reflection. He is the mistletoe of English literature, whose roots are not in the soil but in the tree."

It will be seen that Mr. Chapman is debatable. He trails many a coat. But he cannot be neglected. He compels either the revision of your conceptions, under the influence of his, or the confirmation of them, in conflict with his. And surely the power to do this is of the essence of that dynamic force in which the potency of veritable criticism consists.

The Whitman and the Stevenson are, we think, the most successful papers in the book. There is good stuff in the long essay on Emerson and the shorter study of Browning, but Emerson and Browning do not lend themselves to Mr. Chapman's method quite so well as the lesser men. Mr. Chapman is rather fond of summing his subjects up in formulas, and it is characteristic of the big natures, who touch life at many points and are never consistent, that they elude formulas. Certain soul-sides, therefore, of Emerson and Browning, their common interest, for instance, in the individual human personality, Mr. Chapman brings out crisply and well; others remain unplumbed. On the other hand the two essays devoted to literature of an earlier period than that with which Mr. Chapman chiefly occupies himself—*A Study of Romeo* and *Michael Angelo's Sonnets*—have something which is lacking in his work elsewhere, a note of reverence. His treatment of Shakspeare illustrates our contention at the beginning of this review, that the very aloofness of Americans from European literature might prove for them an effective critical weapon. Mr. Chapman is struck by the full-blooded humanity of the dramatist's characters in contrast with his own anæmic race:

"We in America, with our formal manners, our bloodless complexions, our perpetual decorum and self-repression, are about as much in sympathy with the real element of Shakspeare's plays as a Baptist parson is with a foxhunt. Our blood is stirred by the narration, but our constitution would never stand the reality. As read we translate all things into the dialect of our province; or, if we must mouth, let us say that we translate the dialect of the English province into the language of our empire, but we still translate. Mercutio, on inspection, would turn out to be not a gentleman—and,

indeed, he is not; Juliet, to be a most extraordinary young person; Tybalt, a brute and ruffian, a type from the plantation; and the only man with whom we should feel at all at ease would be the Count of Paris, in whom we should all recognise a perfectly bred man. 'What a man!' we should cry, 'Why, he's a man of wax!'"

We shall hope to come across Mr. Chapman again. Few living critics go so straight to the heart of their problem, or waste so little time in writing "about it and about."

AGREEABLE PERSONAL WRITING.

Personal Forces of the Period. By T. H. S. Escott. (Hurst & Blackett.)

MR. ESCOTT would have been well advised had he given a somewhat less ambitious title to his slight and sprightly volume. *Personal Forces of the Period* seems to promise something in the nature of a philosophical inquiry into the characteristic influences brought to bear upon the age by its men of light and leading in the various spheres of social activity. What Mr. Escott gives us, and that agreeably, is a parcel of haphazard sketches which suggest the best kind of "personal" writing in, let us say, *The World*. "Talk About Some Prominent Living Persons" adequately and not unkindly describes his book; and, so regarded, it is often amusing, incisive, and bright. It discusses a wide variety of persons, from the Bishop of Oxford to Miss Corelli, from Mr. Meredith to the Poet Laureate; it says its say about Mr. Rhodes, Canon Gore, the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Astor, the Prince of Wales, and all the most notable politicians. But it is wondrously inconsequent, and not always accurate. In a chapter entitled "An Academical Group," Mr. Escott blunders amusingly over the venerable Warden of New College, Dr. Sewell. No one can have greater respect for the Warden than the present writer, himself of Winchester and New College; but he was not prepared to learn that "Dr. Sewell's particular work was to prepare the way for Mr. Jowett's labours on Plato; and long before the famous Master of Balliol had become a power to perform a memorable part in promoting the Platonic revival on the Isis." Mr. Escott is, of course, thinking of the Warden's able and eccentric brother, William Sewell, of Exeter—a conspicuous figure among the early Tractarians. He it was who publicly burned Froude's *Nemesis of Faith* in the fireplace of his—and Froude's—college hall; and, as the author of *Hawkstone*, he divides with Mr. Johnstone, of Ballykilbeg, author of *Nightshade*, the fame of having written the most anti-Popish novel in existence. His best title to remembrance is the foundation of that flourishing public school—Radley. But assuredly the revered and aged Warden of New College did none of these things. Again, Mr. Mahaffy is not, as Mr. Escott clearly implies that he is, a Cambridge professor. Mr. Mahaffy's transportation from the malodorous Liffey to the insignificant Cam would make "the silent

sister," T.C.D., considerably more silent than she is. Again, Mr. Escott confuses Lady Russell of Killowen with her lately widowed sister—Lady Gilbert—better known in literature as Miss Rosa Mulholland. In fact, though the book contains happy and almost striking things, such as the portrait of the erudite and humorous Bishop Stubbs, it is far too full of trivial gossip and hasty writing. So sound a constitutionalist as Mr. Escott should know that London is no more the Prince of Wales's capital than it is his own. We have little taste for such intelligence as that "in his childhood Sir R. Morier had been patted on the head by duchesses; he remembered the attention proudly in his manhood." We trust that Sir Robert did no such thing. In a chapter upon "Canon Gore and the *Lux Mundi* School," Mr. Escott permits himself to say that "the Canon and his friends invented or manipulated for their own purpose the doctrine of the Kenosis." Now, to say "invented" is to show ignorance; to say "manipulated" is to show something less than courtesy. Thackeray is twice quoted—twice inaccurately; and there is nothing to be said for such spellings as "Sandro" Belloni and "Pontreicina." The writer is not up to his own usual standard of performance in these pages. So practised and accomplished a journalist should not write such sentences as:

"Not at Wadham was trained Sir Edwin Arnold of the severe presence, and, at his choice, master of the classic or romantic muse, who in his Oxford days was a scholar, like his friend of the philosopher's mind and guardaman's presence, Mr. W. L. Courtney, of the reputed foundation of Alfred the Great."

Surely, with its clustering "of's" and awkward structure, this is a terrible sentence; nor is this, from a curious article upon Mr. Meredith, much better:

"As befits a dweller in Tennyson's country, Meredith is much impressed by, and communicates to the innumerable writers who unconsciously perhaps are influenced by him, the 'larger hope' in all its applications by the great Laureate."

This article is remarkable for beginning with four pages entirely unconnected with Mr. Meredith; and for the astonishing assertion that "there is only one other with whom his breezy, buoyant pictures of budding womanhood, full of poetry and flavoured with sauciness, can be compared. That is William Black, who has reached thousands not touched by Meredith." This distinctly states that Mr. Black, *propria persona*, resembles the "breezy, buoyant," &c., and what it means to state is hardly less absurd. Indeed, Mr. Escott's literary criticisms are the weakest part of his book, though he shows a fine discrimination in praising the present Laureate's journalism quite as warmly as his versifying. But "personal forces of the period," which profess to include writers and which pass over Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Lecky, with a word or with none, seem to us singularly eclectic.

For the most part, Mr. Escott is at his best when he is speaking of politicians, civil servants, diplomats, and journalists—these chapters have a strong flavour

certain clubs and editorial offices, the haunts of "those who know," and whose retentive minds are full of reminiscences. Mr. Escott, we need not say, writes with urbanity and tact, making no indiscreet nor unseemly revelations: but he writes as one conversant with men of affairs, of the world, who could, "an' he would" say more than he does. *Longo intervallo*, his ablest work, reminds us of Mr. Greenwood's: no mean praise. He is without that dexterity of touch, that vivacity of apprehension, which can transform current topics from subjects for dull or trivial handling into opportunities for strong artistic composition; but he can discuss Lord Salisbury or "The Brothers Balfour" in a discerning fashion, with an eye to both salient and subtle features. His book is faulty, yet pleasant: unimportant, and most unequal, but with not a few pages of sterling merit. He has no cause to be ashamed of it, though it is not quite worthy of his abilities.

MR. KELLY'S "DON QUIXOTE."

Don Quixote de la Mancha. Primera Edicion del texto restituído con Notas y una Introduccion por Jaime Fitzmaurice-Kelly c. de la Real Academia Española y Juan Ormsby. I. Edimburgo impreso por T. Y. A. Constable. (Londres: David Nutt.)

THIS is not the first notable Spanish edition of *Don Quixote* that has been put forth in Great Britain. In 1737-38 Lord Carteret printed for the use of Queen Caroline a sumptuous edition in four volumes quarto, with Don Gregorio Mayans i Siscar as editor. In 1781 the Rev. John Bowle gave us his six quarto volumes, from the notes to which most subsequent editors have largely borrowed. Of translations we have no room to speak fully: those by Duffield (1881), by the late John Ormsby, whose name appears on the title-page of the present work (1885), by H. E. Watts (1888 and 1895), show a perennial interest in this masterpiece of Spanish literature. But though translations of the *Quixote* abound in nearly all European languages, though printers and their patrons and the Royal Academy of Spain have been prodigal of care and expense in the reproduction of the work, the editing of the text has by no means kept pace with the beauty of the material adornment. This has been partly inevitable. It is only comparatively recently that the learned world has conceded that the text of a modern classic demands and deserves the like amount of care and attention as does that of a Greek or Latin author.

The problems connected with the text of Cervantes' *Don Quixote* are as puzzling and difficult to resolve as those which beset the text of any ancient classic, and they require an equal amount of study and acumen in the editor. There are no MSS. extant of the work; we do not know, and never can know exactly, what Cervantes wrote, nor how he composed it. But though we possess no MSS., yet we have two notices of the work written some months before its

publication. The *privilegio* of the *Quixote* is dated September 26, 1604; on August 4, 1604, Lope de Vega wrote to the Duke of Sessa, giving him the latest literary news of the day: "Of poets I speak not. Many are in the bud for next year, but there are none so bad as Cervantes, or so foolish as to praise *Don Quixote*." In the *Picara Justina* of Andres Perez, the *privilegio* of which is dated August 22, 1604, we have some truncated verses which speak of:

"Don Quixote y Lazari
Que Alfarach y Celesti."

Thus we have *Don Quixote* familiarly known in literary circles, and spoken of as on a par with the most popular novels of the century, two months before the license, and five or more before the actual publication of the first known edition. How can we account for this? An examination of the *Quixote* itself suggests a partial explanation. The whole structure of the book indicates that it was written piecemeal. We know that the writing of the second part was an afterthought provoked by the forgery of Avellanada. The four stories of Chrysostom and Marcella, of Cardenio and Dorothea, the Curioso Impertinente, and the Captive's story are really interpolations, and have little to do with the main narrative. They may well have been written separately, and inserted in the *Quixote* as excellent padding. Even the criticism of the Books of Chivalry at the commencement hardly leads one to expect the story which follows. It might almost stand by itself, like the verse criticism on the poets in the *Viaje del Parnaso*, published some twelve years later. The original division of the first part into 1, 2, 3 and 4 portions, the occasional omission, and more frequent misplacement of the headings to the chapters, the contradictions, the confused arrangement, and the references to events which have never occurred, all these point to a piecemeal production, the MSS. of the several portions of which had been handed about in Valladolid, in a more or less complete state some time before the whole was collected together, and sent for publication to the printers in Madrid in 1604 or 1605. The previous notoriety to which Lope de Vega and Andres Perez bear witness can have been attained only by the existence of several MS. copies. Until much later it was a habit in Spain to copy works lent or borrowed, even when printed texts were already in existence. Of the copies thus made, simply for private use, some would be very carelessly done, portions might be omitted, favourite passages only transcribed, mistakes of all kinds made; even the MSS. which left the author's hands may not have been all alike, fresh thoughts and episodes may have been added, and corrections made in the later ones. If two or more such MSS., or portions of them, came into the printer's hands, we can easily understand how complications might arise if the complete story were not contained in any single MS., and deficiencies or episodes had to be supplied from others. Only on some such hypothesis can the inextricable confusion of the robbery of Sancho Panza's ass be explained and the extreme negligence

which occurs in other respects. So far the probable state of the MSS.

As to the printed text, it is now known that two editions of the first part were produced in Madrid early in 1605, and others in Lisbon and Valencia in the same year, and one in Brussels in 1507. In Madrid appeared a third edition in 1608. Since the time of Pellicer (1797), this edition of 1608 has unduly acquired a paramount authority from the assertion that it was revised by Cervantes himself. But the difficulties alluded to above are by no means cleared up in this edition, nor are the defects amended. All editors have been obliged, more or less, to correct this text. The external evidence for the personal revision by Cervantes is only the assertion of Pellicer, and therefore insufficient; and all internal evidence is against it.

The real value of the present edition is, we think, somewhat discounted by the great stress laid in the *Introduccion* on what cannot be absolutely determined either way. It is known that Cervantes was in Madrid late in the year 1608; but, as Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly observes, the burden of proof lies on those who assert that he was there during the printing of the work, and that he corrected the press in the early part of the same year. This may be the case, but neither can Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly demonstrate the contrary. As to the relations between author and printer, our editor has too much neglected the scene at Barcelona (part ii., cap. 62). There the printers and the author are represented in much closer contact than they usually are to-day. The author is actually in the printing-room, and revising and correcting the work in the very act of printing.

But however this special theory of the *Introduccion* may fare, this will not lessen the worth of the new edition. It is founded on sound critical principles. The earliest materials with which we have to deal are the two Madrid editions of 1605, the Lisbon and Valencian of the same date, and the Brussels edition of 1607. All these are anterior to the Madrid edition of 1608, and it is only on the supposition that the text of 1608 is perfect and satisfactory in all respects that the earlier publications can be neglected. But no one pretends that this is so. An editor, therefore, is perfectly justified in making the editions of 1605 the basis of his text. In fact, this is the only method which can approve itself to the textual expert. In his *Introduccion* Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly has insisted so much on the shortcomings of the edition of 1608, and on the merits of those of 1605, that perhaps a careless reader may be led to think that he has given little more than a reprint of these last-named. But an examination of the text shows that it is very different from this; every difficulty, every various reading is discussed on its own merits; again and again the readings of 1608, and of later editions, sometimes even those of Pellicer, are preferred, when they seem to be justified. The emendations of Juan Calderon, so highly valued in this country by Mr. H. E. Watts, and in Spain by Menendez y Pelayo, are taken into consideration, and frequently adopted. The resultant text and arrange-

ment thus constructed will, we believe, be gradually accepted as the best that has hitherto appeared. The references and the various readings in the notes give the reader the means of forming his own conclusions on it. It remains only to add that the work is most admirably printed. It is a volume which it is a delight to handle and to read, and it does the highest credit to the workmen and to the press whence it proceeds.

THE DOOM OF THE DERVISH.

Sirdar and Khalifa, or the Re-Conquest of the Soudan, 1898. By Bennet Burleigh. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE literature of affairs is just now prolific. Within a few weeks we have reviewed books dealing in a weighty manner with China and Cuba. Here, in its turn, is a book which embodies the latest facts concerning a third vexed area of the world's surface, the Soudan. Mr. Bennet Burleigh has acted as the *Daily Telegraph's* war correspondent in all the Soudan campaigns; and he is, therefore, able to present the operations of the year, and our victory at Atbara, vividly and in their true light, as links in England's long stern policy to recapture the Soudan. Mr. Burleigh's first care is to put before us a character-sketch of the two men on whose shoulders the responsibilities of it all are laid. Of Lord Cromer he says, "Alert, but aloof, he has pursued his vocation as Britain's representative, bettering instruction, turning counsel into law." As for Sir Herbert Kitchener, he is the hero of Mr. Burleigh's story: his portrait faces the title-page, and his soldierly virtues are Mr. Burleigh's favourite theme. The death-blow of Mahdism is about to be struck by these men. Mr. Burleigh sees no escape for his worship, the Khalifa. "He cannot retreat from Omdurman without fighting, unless he altogether abandons his pretensions to human and spiritual supremacy in the Soudan." There will be few to regret Abdullah's fall if report be true. He dare not trust half his own followers with rifles. He punishes the least sign of defection by death, and is not only surrounded by relatives, but, half in fear and wholly in defiance of Moslem teaching, he has designated his son, a worthless fellow, "sodden with excess," as his successor in the Khalifate.

Mr. Burleigh tells us much about the general situation, and of the Sirdar's railway from Wady Halfa across more than two hundred miles of desert, but at last we come to the advance to the Atbara River, through Berber. The patience of the forces, who desired nothing so much as to meet the Dervishes and make an end of the matter, was sorely tried. We have vivid pictures of the camp life while the railway was a-building, when officers and men lived in the open, lying on the bare ground, with grimy faces and soiled clothes. This is how General Gatacre managed his men in those trying weeks:

"Reveille was at 5.15 a.m., when, to ensure that everybody was thoroughly awakened, after

a fanfare of bugles, the bands discoursed sounds consisting of flute solos and all the drums in strength. The nights were cold to bitterness, in the morning air, and the vigorous whanging those drums got almost perceptibly increased the temperature. My tent was pitched opposite the main guard near the Lincoln's lines. It was not enough that the sentries hoarsely challenged passers, apparently every half-minute all night. For want of further diversion, outpost called to outpost, to make sure that each sentinel was on the alert. And, worse luck still, my neighbours beat around camp with that flute solo and massed drums entertainment, their excruciating, brain-racking favourite tune, 'Old man Barry.' As far as my bewildered senses could make out, it was a sort of medley of the 'Dead March' and the 'Deil Among the Tailors.' It served its purpose admirably, however, arousing everybody. Half an hour later, the men having had a snack of biscuit or bread, were not only on parade, but setting out for a route march of thirteen miles, or a morning's hard work at field exercises or manoeuvres. Their daily round was one of drill and duty, for the General arranged plenty of work for the men, such as wood-cutting parties, guards and outposts, besides the regular marches and hours devoted to lively mimic war operations and scurrying over the desert. A good deal of time was given to learning a new attack formation which he devised for dealing with dervishes and like gentry, and which was put in practice later on at the Atbara. At night 'first post' was at 7.30. By 8.15 p.m. all lights had to be out and everybody abed. Tommy spread his blanket upon the pebbles or desert sand, lying down fully dressed, boots and all, ready to spring to arms. Officers as well as men had to go to sleep with their clothes on, although there was no enemy near."

Nothing is more striking in the story of Atbara than the gradual progression of events, rendered more gradual by the extraordinary care taken by Sir Herbert Kitchener to neglect no precaution, and to leave nothing to chance. At last—the final night march, with its halts to recover position, and its snatches of slumber! The air was electric now. Mr. Burleigh heard a sentimental Seaforth Highlander say to another: "Ah, Tam, how many thousands there are at home across the sea thinking o' us the night!" "Right, Sandy," was the reply, "and how many millions there are that don't care a d— Go to sleep, you fool!"

The final advance on Mahmoud's zereba was done in review order, and with the consciousness of victory ahead. We should like to quote the whole of Mr. Burleigh's account of the rush on the zereba. Our readers need not to be reminded of the character of the fight. Here is the final collision:

"Then there were cries of 'Come on, men!' ringing shouts and cheers, as freed from the leash the Camerons, followed by their comrade battalions, dashed at the Dervishes. Maxwell's and Macdonald's men ran forward too, and there was wild work with rifles, pistols, and bayonets, as the front rank pulled at or clambered over the zereba and palisade to get at the enemy. General Gatacre, followed by Capt. Ronald Brooke of his staff, was the first upon our front at the zereba. Seizing a bush he tried to pull it aside. A Dervish sprang from the trench to spear the General, who called out to big Private Cross, of F Company, 'Give it him, my man.' Cross promptly obeyed, shot and bayoneted the Dervish, and turned

again to help the General, who had not ceased to drag at the bush. Who can accurately tell the first man to enter the Dervish zereba of the British brigade? It may or may not have been Private Taylor of the Camerons, as I have heard asserted.

In the few momentous half-seconds that intervened, while officers and men were making a passage through the hedge, their comrades covering them as well as they were able, sending showers of bullets through the palisades and a hail of lead over and across the inner lines of trenches, hundreds of brave deeds were done. The Dervish fire was so bitter, and their lines of trenches so many and so close behind the palisade, that the plan of attack had to be changed on the instant. Instead of the Camerons being halted to allow the other battalions to go through to the front, an operation which would have entailed delay and great loss of life, the General called upon the men to push forward. Our big Union Jack, borne on high by Staff-Sergeant Wyatt, as usual marked and directed the centre of the Camerons' line. Its bearer was mauled in the knee by a bullet from an elephant gun, and could go no further. An orderly in the Camerons gripped the staff, and, under Gatacre's direction, triumphantly carried the Union Jack forward through a storm of bullets, which left him unscathed, but checkered the flag with holes and rents. Stubbornly clung the Dervishes to their trenches, firing at us at a few paces' range. To deal better with them, the front and rear ranks fired alternately. Captain Findlay of the Camerons, with his revolver in one hand and sword in the other, sprang in safety over the palisade and first trench, although the latter was crammed two deep with Dervishes. Shooting and bayoneting all before them, his men strove to keep up with their tall, herculean captain, for Findlay stood over six feet two inches. He had gone but half-a-dozen yards farther when he was shot through the body in two places by Mahdists concealed in a trench but a few yards off. His men, who had been unable to protect him, took an instant vengeance upon every Dervish in the trench."

The victory was unlike the old brilliant affairs of El Teb and Tel El Kebir in that it was the organised sequel of the Dongola victory of 1896, and a deliberate step toward the Khartoum victory, which will, it is hoped, soon set our church bells ringing. Even as we write "high Nile" is the news from Kitchener's force, and that means Omdurman and Khartoum. The Khalifa is reported to have 50,000 followers still in hand, and it is pretty certain that he will fight and be beaten. Mr. Burleigh's clear, if not very stylish, narrative is an interim narrative. When Khartoum falls the nation will want to hear the story from first to last.

"BISMARCK'S TABLE-TALK."

Bismarck's Table-Talk. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Charles Lowe. New and Cheaper Edition. (H. Grevel & Co.)

A HAPPY moment this for the republication of an excellent piece of journalism, in which the life and character of a great man are illustrated out of the record of his own profuse words.

Among these may probably be reckoned—as Mr. Lowe does not hesitate to reckon them—the familiar "blood and iron" phrase put by the author of *Endymion* into

the mouth of the Count Ferroll (*quasi a ferro et igni*):

"Everything is quite rotten throughout the Continent. This year is tranquility to what the next will be. There is not a throne in Europe worth a year's purchase. My worthy master wants me to return home and be Minister; I am to fashion for him a new constitution. I will never have anything to do with new constitutions; their inventors are always the first victims. Instead of making a constitution he should make a country, and convert his heterogeneous domains into a patriotic dominion." "But how is that to be done?" "There is only one way: by blood and iron." "My dear Count, you shock me!" "I shall have to shock you a great deal more before the inevitable is brought about."

That "blood and iron," by the way, was not so brutal as it sounds; it was the living blood he meant, not the gore of the battlefield. His phrases were wont to be more violent than his thought, and not less direct; for no great diplomatist had so neat a fashion of disguising a purpose behind the frank expression of it.

"What danger can there be [asked Napoleon once of M. Doucet, at the time when Bismarck was ambassador at Paris] in a man who notoriously thinks aloud?" M. Doucet answered: "Count von Bismarck has a genius for conveying false impressions by telling the naked truth. His frankness is like the inky fluid which the cuttlefish at Biarritz throw round them—the more truthful he is, the less one sees into him."

Not, of course, that plain speech was his sole weapon. Mr. Lowe tells an amusing story of how, in an interview with Favre, he took advantage of the chaotic condition of public affairs in France to gain his ends in the arrangement of the terms of peace by playing off an imaginary representative of Napoleon: a closed door and a minatory finger were the simple means. He believed also in "My Lady Nicotine" as an assessor:

"When you enter on a discussion which may lead to vehement remarks," said Bismarck, "you should smoke. . . . With regard to the mental condition, it does not deprive us of our intellectual capacity, but it produces a state of kindly repose. . . . The eye is occupied, the hand is engaged, the organ of smell is gratified—one is happy. In this state one is very disposed to make concessions; and our business—that of diplomatists—continually consists in the making of mutual concessions."

As became a Conservative of Conservatives, he had faith in the *Almanach de Gotha*: the young diplomat should know it by heart, "for the things that form its contents play an important part in politics." French diplomatists were dancing dogs without collars, who "stood up on their hind legs and performed their antics without authority from man alive." Past-master as he himself was, Bismarck was once overreached by the event. In this wise:

"The ambassador of a Great Power one day called on Bismarck, and, in the course of a rather long conversation, asked the Prince how he managed to get rid of troublesome visitors—of bores, in fact. 'Oh, that is very simple,' replied the Chancellor. 'When my wife thinks anyone is staying too long, she merely sends for me, and thus the interview ends.' At that very moment a servant entered, and, bowing low, begged his master to favour the Prince with his presence for a few minutes. The

ambassador blushed, and at once withdrew, as gracefully as possible in the trying circumstances."

He was a fighting man, all the many inches of him, and his deity the God of Battles. He had no admiration for "the moral courage of letting one's face be slapped." He reckoned it not uncommon. But, in the manner of another age, he was religious. Therefore, he would not so much as undertake a duel *à la mort* without first receiving Holy Communion and praying devoutly that his bullet might reach an effectual spot. In this life he was always prepared for the devil's having the best of it; at every throw he stood to win or lose all; but confidence in those things which shall appear sustained him.

"It is not very pleasant," Bismarck remarked to Wagener on another occasion, "to have an opera-glass levelled at you at fourteen paces, or a revolver at four; and any little gratification of vanity that one feels at being stared at so much does not last very long. All the little vanities of life have only a charm as long as we do not possess them. But once we attain them, we only think of what King Solomon said about the vanity of all things. Therefore it is that I cannot comprehend how anyone can endure life who doesn't believe in another and a better one."

His religious principles made him a stern critic of literature, of which, nevertheless, he was a lover. ("Please send me a revolver of large size," ran a letter to his wife, "also a novel to read.") So

"Bismarck had the frankness to say that he looked upon the comedies of Dumas the younger, and indeed on most French plays of the lighter sort, as grossly corrupting to the public morals. 'Panem et circenses,' smiled De Morny. 'Panem et saturnalia,' muttered Bismarck."

He took these matters very seriously. The song, "Le sabre de mon père," in Offenbach's *Grande Duchesse*, enraged him; but "You cannot expect a pair of Jews to feel any reverence for military traditions" was his scornful comment.

His philosophic soul was nurtured on Hegel; Spinoza's pantheism had influenced him, but not so much as Christianity; Kant he "could never quite get through." But principles he judged to be rather an encumbrance; he trusted to instinct: "If I am to go through life with principles," he said, "it seems to me just the same as if I had to pass along a narrow forest path with a long pole in my mouth."

His relations with the "quill-cattle" varied with circumstances. He had not disdained himself to practise journalism, and to accept the guerdon; but his reply to Mr. Fisher, "an important journalist of San Francisco" (so presented by the American ambassador, Mr. Phelps), is a model of unsympathetic conciseness:

"Prince Bismarck is respectfully requested [wrote the American] to cable a few words in reference to the following question: What benefit will be derived in your Grace's opinion from International Expositions?"

On the margin of this the Prince simply wrote in pencil, "None!"

Worse than the "quill-cattle" he loathed the "chamber-chatterers"—the gang of

"professors" and the politicians cursed with a knack of oratory.

"A good speaker must be somewhat of a poet [he said], and therefore cannot adhere mathematically to the truth. He must be piquant and exciting—easily inflamed, that he may be inflammatory—wherefore, to my mind, a good speaker can but seldom be a safe statesman."

"Il n'y a que M. de Bismarck qui soit un vrai grand homme," wrote Mérimée at a certain crucial moment; and a word thrown out by the way to the excellent soldier-prince he served illustrates at once his consciousness of the fact and his knack of repartee:

"Said his Majesty one day: 'Look at me. I am a much older man than you are, Bismarck, and yet I am still able to ride.'

'Ah, yes,' rejoined the Chancellor; 'but then your Majesty must remember that a rider always lasts longer than his horse.'

But this horse was not held by bit and bridle; his was the intelligence of the pair, and the daring and the good fortune. The first German Emperor rode to victory upon his back, but the Emperor's merit was that he entrusted himself to the judgment of his mount.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Unaddressed Letters. Edited by Frank Athelstane Swettenham, K.C.M.G. (John Lane.)

THE contents of this book, which by a literary artifice are presented as a bundle of miscellaneous letters, addressed at divers times by a dead hand to divers persons, we may perhaps regard as a series of occasional papers on things in general, the work of the "editor" himself. The writer is a man of wide experience; a traveller, a diplomatist, an observer of strange peoples, the confidential friend of many women, at whose hands he would appear to have suffered many things. These documents reflect corresponding phases of his life. They are the work of a man of sentiment—in no ignominious sense—endowed with an appreciative eye for the picturesque in nature, and are spiced with a cynical humour. This combination of sentimentality and cynicism is their most characteristic feature. Here, from "Veering with the Wind," is a tolerably characteristic paragraph of convenient dimensions:

"Sometimes even, influenced by surroundings, maddened by the whisperings of a southern night passed in a place where she breathes an atmosphere impregnated with the romance of centuries, the lonely soul of the woman, hungering for sympathy and communion, will seize a pen and write, 'Come to me; I want you, for you understand; come and I will give you happiness.' Before the letter has gone one day on a journey that may take it to the ends of the earth, the writer's mood has changed, and she has forgotten her summons as completely as though it had never been written. When the missive reaches its destination, the recipient will be wise to curb his impetuosity, and realise that his opportunity is long since dead and buried."

The author develops this vein to the utmost limit of comprehensibility—not to say beyond it—in “Of Worship” and “To Mary, in Heaven.” In “The Hill of Solitude” and in “By the Sea” the emotion is of another kind. The former is a striking account of the process of a sunset seen from the top of a hill (crowned, of course, with a flowery grove of sentimental memories); in the other, a seashore is admirably sketched and tinted, and tender memories scuttle upon the backs of tiny scarlet crabs into the miniature seas left by the retreating waves. The writer hears his distant correspondent

“exclaim in childish admiration of the marvellous colouring of a jelly-fish, . . . or your grown-up experience allows you an almost pleasurable little shudder when you think of the poisonous possibilities of this tenderly tinted, gauzily gowned digestive system.”

And the rare familiarity with certain Oriental types which made the merit of *Malay Sketches*, is manifest once more in “A Love Philtre,” “Moonstruck,” “The ‘Devi,’” and “Tigers and Crocodiles.”

We should leave a score unsettled with our conscience if we were to refrain from a word of respectful admonition. A writer who writes intimately and frequently of himself would be more than human if he never betrayed an inclination to maunder. But we cannot believe that the “dead hand” illusion might not have been preserved without the inclusion of a good deal of stuff which any candid friend—being a man of judgment—must certainly have damned so. The phrasing tends similarly to redundancy, and the grammar is freakish. Yet we cordially welcome the book. It is a generous self-revelation of uncommon candour, in a form sufficiently unfamiliar to preserve the charm of novelty.

A Dream Quest. (Truslove & Hanson.)

THE poem is written in the stanza of Spenser—or Spencer, as the anonymous author has it on his title-page—but the hands are, or at least are after, the hands of John Keats. It is, indeed, the very *reductio ad absurdum* of the Keatsian method. The swooning rhythm is accurately caught, the particular variety of poetic diction is faithfully reproduced, and the sentiment meanders conscientiously through canto after canto, from rapture to ecstasy, and from ecstasy to languor. And withal there is the most extraordinary vacancy of tangible meaning that it has ever been our fortune to encounter. The tenuous thread of motive loses itself in fountains of eloquent gush. Nor can we believe that even the author himself attaches any definite ideas to many of his glib phrases. Take a specimen:

“My flesh was nurtured in the burning South,
Where heart and mind are free as mountain
air;
And yet no mortal kiss has stained my mouth,
No eyes save thine have viewed my bosom
bare,
Or feasted on my limbs with longing stare:
All, all is kept for thee as sacred place,
And through the tangles of my wavy hair
Thy lips shall cull around my neck and
face,
And first upon their bloom a blissful frenzy
trace!”

The reader who has reflected upon the probable reasons which determined the selection of the word “stare” to end the fifth line, and the obvious reasons which should have prevented it from being so selected, will be qualified to appreciate at its worth the poetic value of *A Dream Quest*. He may then proceed to consider the precise significance, for lips, of “culling around,” and to form, if possible, a mental picture of bloom upon which a blissful frenzy has been traced.

Notes on Mediæval Services in England, with an Index of Lincoln Ceremonies.
By Christopher Wordsworth. (Thomas Baker.)

THIS is a beautifully groomed book. It consists mainly of a series of articles reprinted from the *Church Times*; and they are all about bells and boughgarth and laundresses and lecterns and sermons and sweepers and piscinas and choral copes, and a lot of things you hardly ever see in a newspaper-office. Incidentally a literary point emerges here and there. It may have struck one as strange, for instance, that Catholic tradition should so completely have died out already in Shakespeare's time that he could put the words “evening mass” into Juliet's pretty Catholic mouth. It was, in fact, a general mediæval custom to postpone the community mass upon fast days till after None, and then it was followed immediately by Vespers, if that office was not actually embedded in the post-communion part of the mass. This is actually the case to-day, we may remind Mr. Wordsworth, in the mass for Holy Saturday according to the Roman rite. As a matter of dramatic fact, Juliet visited the Friar's cell a fortnight before Lammass (i. 3, 15). Now, July 24 was the vigil of St. James, and a fast day. The book as a whole is the capable work of an enthusiast, to whom nothing that treats of the externals of Divine worship and the religious life is stale or dull—a class characteristic of our own time and of the Established Church of England.

Sir Benjamin Collins Brodie. By Timothy Holmes, M.A., F.R.C.S. (Fisher Unwin.)

THE portrait by Mr. Watts, which faces the title-page of this volume of the “Masters of Medicine” series, shows a fine aquiline face with grave expectant eyes. Born in the latter part of last century, this great surgeon—one of those who most largely helped to transform surgery from a handicraft to a science—was a son of the parsonage. To the severe literary discipline of his youth in the house of a scholarly father may be attributed, in part, his success in a profession for which nature had forgotten to indicate his aptitude. For it was the hazard of circumstance, and not any divine impulse, that sent him to St. George's rather than to Oxford or the Temple. And he himself draws from this fact the conclusion that

“the persons who succeed best in professions are those who, having (perhaps from some accidental circumstance) been led to embark in them, persevere in their course as a matter of

duty, or because they have nothing better to do.”

He first studied anatomy under Abernethy, and Astley Cooper studied with him. And, unlike the “saw-boneses,” his contemporaries, even during his laborious student days he continued to study the classical writers with whose works he had become familiar in the parsonage; physiology did not oust metaphysics (his favourite philosopher was Berkeley); and he even managed to keep pace with the output of fiction. The system of the medical education in his student days was chaotic, and the present system of instruction in the London medical schools is largely the result of the order he instituted at St. George's. In private practice he succeeded, or rather superseded, Astley Cooper as the fashionable surgeon; though, as his biographer points out, he was not supremely skilful as an operator—rather, he won his success by his extreme diligence in watching effects, and and by a prudent confidence in the resources of nature.

Though rather discursive, the book is a worthy member of an excellent series.

St. John Baptist College. By William Holden Hutton, B.D. (F. E. Robinson.)

APART altogether from the interest such a work must have for the molecules of the corporate life which it chronicles, Mr. Hutton has produced a book which must exercise a certain charm over the imagination of an East End seamstress, say, supposing her to have a working knowledge of the English language and some acquaintance with the present characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race. It takes us back to the scholarly childhood from which we have emerged into the practical cunning of to-day. Yet Sir Thomas White was eminently a practical man. He knew how, in the naughty days of the Tudors, to keep his head upon his shoulders without going back on his convictions. He was sincerely religious, yet he made haste to get rich; and when the Lord had largely prospered him, he founded neither a hospital nor a technical school, but, upon the ruins of the Cistercian house of studies, this college “to the praise and honour of God and of the Blessed Virgin Mary His Mother, and St. John Baptist.” Herein some fifty fellows and scholars were to devote themselves for ever to the study of theology, philosophy, civil and canon law, and medicine (one only to this last). To learn and to know was their business, not to find out and to apply; and that simple-minded century of great thought saw nothing to excite wonder in a life-long devotion to religion and sound learning that must exclude alike practical service and domestic ties. Yet has his policy justified itself in alien ends; for from the days of Buckeridge and Campion and Shirley and Laud his ancient and venerable foundation has not been left without witness. It is to be hoped that other Houses may find an equally able and devoted historian.

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THE QUEEN'S SERF.

BY ELSA D'ESTERRE KEELING.

This story, which is dedicated to the memory of Mr. J. R. Green—from whose Preface to his *Short History* a passage is quoted—concerns Ambrose Gwinett, a Commoner of England, and opens in the year 1709. The author declares that its startling incidents and hairbreadth escapes are true. There is some pretty writing: "The time for toasts now came, and Mr. Roberts, with a smile that was witty and tender, drank towards Sweet Birdsnie, his toast (an old one in old England) being this—'Thy love and mine!' Sweet Birdsnie, who had just set down a cup of milk, drank to him only with her eyes, which looked into his very thoughtfully, though Sweet Birdsnie was not thinking." (T. Fisher Unwin. 258 pp. 6s.)

CALEB WEST.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

A story of light-house building in America. The adventures of the young engineer, Henry Sanford, and his men are often exciting, and some manly fellows are introduced. Much depends on the behaviour of derricks and other mechanisms; but the men are as soft-hearted as their surroundings are hard. (Constable & Co. 320 pp. 6s.)

REVIEWS.

In the Cage. By Henry James.
(Duckworth & Co.)

This is a brief and slight study, yet we could not wish for a better representation of the art of Mr. Henry James. In appearance it is only a sketch of a girl who works the telegraph in an office that is part of a grocer's shop in the West End, but as background there is the extravagant world of fashion throwing out disjointed hints of vice and intrigue in messages handed in as indifferently as if the operator were only part of the machine. Nevertheless, she is a woman too, and feminine interest and curiosity so quicken her wits that she is able to piece together "the high encounter with life, the large and complicated game" of her customers. This, in fact, is the romance in her life, the awakening touch to her imagination, and it is brought into skilful contrast with the passionless commonplace of her own love. Nothing occurs to break up the even tenor of her path to marriage and a little 'ome. She had accepted Mr. Mudge in the business-like way of her class. He had gone to a more commanding situation in a less fashionable society, and she was rather glad.

"He had at any rate ceased to be all day long in her eyes, and this left something a little fresh for them to rest on of a Sunday. During the three months that he had remained at Cocker's after her consent to their engagement, she had often asked herself what it was that marriage would be able to add to a familiarity so final. Opposite there, behind the counter of which his superior stature, his whiter apron, his more clustering curls, and more present, too present, h's had been for a couple of years the principal ornament, he had moved to and fro before her as on the small sanded floor of their contracted future. She was conscious now of not having to take her present and her future at once. They were about as much as she could manage when taken separate."

Thus she was in no great hurry to accept his advice, and seek a transfer to a place "under the very roof where he was foreman, so that dangled before her every minute of the day, he should see her, as he called it, 'hourly.'" We congratulate Mr. James on that word "hourly"; somehow it makes the white-aproned, curly-headed grocer live. The drama in high-life opens during Mudge's absence, and the more delicious parts of the book are those in

which she tries to rouse him out of his usual calm by hints of the wickedness to which she was privy

"At last, simply as if by accident, and out of mere boredom on a day that was rather flat, she preposterously produced her own 'Well, wait a bit. Where I am I can still see things.' And she talked to him even worse, if possible, than she had talked to Mrs. Jordan.

Little by little, to her own stupefaction, she caught that he was trying to take it as she meant it, and that he was neither astonished nor angry. Oh, the British tradesman—this gave her an idea of his resources! He seemed positively to enter for the time, and without the faintest flash of irony or ripple of laughter, into the whimsical ground of her enjoyment of Cocker's custom, and instantly to be casting up whatever it might, as Mr. Jordan had said, lead to. What she had done was simply to give his fancy another push into the dim vast of trade. In that direction it was all alert, and she had whirled before it the mild fragrance of a 'connexion.'"

It would be giving away the story to describe the intrigue in high life, but it led the betrothed of Mr. Mudge into a situation that would have maddened any ordinary lover. What it was will be gathered from the following conversation which took place at Bournemouth in August, she, her mother, and he, being there for the annual holiday. He was pressing her to go to the situation in the shop where he was:

"So you're ready to come."

For a little, again, she made no answer. "No, not yet, all the same. I've still got a reason—a different one."

He looked her all over as if it might have been something she kept in her mouth or her glove or under her jacket—something she was even sitting upon. "Well, I'll have it, please."

"I went out the other night and sat in the Park with a gentleman," she said at last.

Nothing was ever seen like his confidence in her, and she wondered a little why it did not irritate her. . . .

"And what did you get out of that?" he asked, with a concern that was not in the least for his honour.

"Nothing but a good chance to promise him I would not forsake him. He's one of my customers."

"Then it's for him not to forsake you."

"Well, he won't. It's all right. But I must just keep on as long as he may want me."

"Want you to sit with him in the Park?"

"He may want me for that; but I shan't. I rather liked it; but once, under the circumstances, is enough. I can do better for him in another manner."

"And what manner, pray?"

"Well, elsewhere."

"Elsewhere! I say!"

This was an ejaculation used also by Captain Everard, but, oh, with what a different sound! "You needn't say, there is nothing to be said, and yet you ought perhaps to know."

"Certainly I ought. But what—up to now?"

"Why, exactly what I told him—that I would do anything for him."

"What do you mean by anything?"

"Everything."

Mr. Mudge's immediate comment on this statement was to draw from his pocket a crumpled paper containing the remains of half a pound of 'sundries.' These sundries had figured conspicuously in his prospective sketch of their tour, but it was only at the end of three days that they had defined themselves unmistakably as chocolate-creams. "Have another—that one," he said. She had another, but not the one he indicated."

It is a tribute to the novelist's skill that while exhibiting the thick-skinnedness of Mr. Mudge and his grovelling devotion to business, he never allows him to lapse into mere weakness or foolishness. There was, as it happened, no real ground for jealousy. The girl's devotion to Captain Everard was entirely Platonic. The interview in the Park, to which reference has been made, had no flirtation in it. Here is a sample. The girl says:

"To be perfectly fair, I shall tell you I recognise at Cocker's certain strong attractions. All you people come. I like all the horrors."

"The horrors?"

"Those you all—you know the set I mean, your set—show me with as good a conscience as if I had no more feeling than a letter-box."

He looked quite excited at the way she put it. 'Oh, they don't know.'

'Don't know I'm not stupid? No, how should they?'

'Yes, how should they?' said the Captain sympathetically. 'But isn't "horrors" rather strong?'

'What you do is rather strong,' the girl promptly replied.

'What I do.'

'Your extravagance, your selfishness, your immorality, your crimes,' she pursued, without heeding his expression.

'I say'—her companion showed the queerest stare.

'I like them, as I tell you. I revel in them. But we needn't go into that,' she quietly went on; 'for all I get out of it is the harmless pleasure of knowing. I know, I know, I know!'—she breathed it ever so gently."

As was said of another celebrated character in fiction, Captain Everard would have been a very great hero indeed, or no hero at all, if he had shown no disposition to deepen the interest that had been developed in the enthusiastic girl. But she strangled in their birth his first manifestations of gallantry, and reduced the relationship to what might have been between a brother and sister. As a *motif* to the story, it has the advantage of bringing into close contact grocerdom and aristocracy. Nor is it easy to say which emerges best from the comparison. If the latter is superior in dress and manner and tact, it is more abundantly evident that Captain Everard is about as poverty-struck in the matter of ideas as Mr. Mudge. The talk of the one is quite as limited in range as that of the other.

The action of the story may be likened to that of two railway trains entering a large station on adjacent lines. By some accident there is a stoppage, and a third class compartment is brought up alongside of a first. For a little the two run along the line together, and a romantic office-girl looks curiously into a carriage full of richly dressed men and women—most likely treasuring their appearance in memory. But the engine whistles and the trains split asunder, and the maiden perforce turns again to her young man. Only it was not at a railway-station, but in a post-office that it all took place.

* * * *

The House of Hidden Treasure. By Maxwell Gray.
(Heinemann.)

FROM the standpoint of the mere critic it is not difficult to sum up *The House of Hidden Treasure*. It is a prettily written story; the style here and there is wordy, generally lacking distinction, the construction of the plot is very loose and faulty. The book is too long by half; in parts it is so involved as to be almost incomprehensible. The chief characters act in a way in which no human beings have ever acted or are likely to act. Altogether, you will say, a book which no one will trouble to wade through. Not at all! It would not surprise us in the least to find that *The House of Hidden Treasure* enjoys a large sale. It is a book that appeals mightily to a certain large section of the reading public. It is one of those sentimentally sorrowful, high-toned stories so dear to average womankind. There are tears in bucketfuls, unhappy marriages and tragic deaths without number. There is plentiful, gushing love-making, many a proposal reported *verbatim*, not a little sickly sentiment, and, in the end, improbable happiness. The very novel for a seaside lending library!

Unfortunately for us, we do not believe in "Maxwell Gray's" puppets, so that their many trials and tears fail to move us greatly. What woman, however strong her sense of duty, would have sent to the man who loved her and whom she loved with her whole heart such a brutal letter as is given on p. 225? Would such a remarkably clever and keen old gentleman as Sir Geoffrey have been imposed upon for years by so palpable a scoundrel as Brinson Hythe? Would Grace, who had on many occasions routed this villain, have been finally ousted from her well-won position in Sir Geoffrey's confidence and esteem by so time-worn a strategy as the intercepted correspondence? Would there have been no inquiry into the causes of the two suspicious accidents that befel Grace during her stay at Sir Geoffrey's mansion, and would not suspicion naturally have rested on Brinson Hythe, who had, as everybody must have known, many reasons for wishing her well out of the way? And when, at last, Sir Geoffrey's vast fortune came into Grace's hands, and when anonymous gifts were showered on the

neighbourhood, would not the recipients of this largesse have been able to make a shrewd guess at the donor?

The incoherence of the story makes it difficult reading. In the prologue—a wholly unnecessary prologue, by the way; a prologue that seems to have wandered astray from its rightful place towards the end of the book—we are introduced to Maurice Bertram, an ill-treated boy; to Grace, a prim middle-aged woman, scarred by sorrow; to Mrs. Dorrien, living with the bitter memories of the past. Then the story proper begins, with the history of Mrs. Dorrien's runaway marriage, of Sir Geoffrey's wrath, of Brinson Hythe's perfidy, of Grace's wild doings, of Laura's unfortunate marriage, of Colonel Dorrien's debts and gambling and shame and sudden death. Then, after two hundred pages, we find ourselves back once more in the time of the prologue, and a little later Maurice Bertram reappears. His little romance is dragged out to make a happy ending, and as he is a dull and foolish young man his little romance is wearisome.

Apart from improbabilities and faulty construction, there are many good things in *The House of Hidden Treasure*. The story of Grace's "scapegrace" days is lively and thoroughly well done. The Colonel, bad lot though he be, is entertaining company; so are Chip and Mursie, delightful characters both. The descriptions of country life and manners show shrewd observation and a keen appreciation of the humours of a small village. Of the general style of the book let the following quotation speak:

"A leaden sky hung low and threatening; there was in the air that singular sense of mute sorrow which forbodes snow, though as yet none had fallen on the frost-bound earth. Bare trees rattled their leaves drily in the bitter wind that rose now and again in gusts; spreading branches of sturdy oaks groaned, as if complaining one to another of the season's rigour, and mourning for the summer green of their lost leafage. . . . A bunch of brown fluffy feathers motionless on the ground showed a frozen thrush, most melancholy of nature's sights; when the chill daylight faded into chill gloaming and chillier dark, dry grass shivered stiff in the wind, and tree-tops told each other sadder and sadder tales under the starless sky; a brightness of red-lighted windows showed Hardwin Hall on an eminence, above rounded masses of dark trees, and faintly outlined against a wooded hill behind it. At the foot of the eminence, crowned by the stately-towered building, lay a small lake, pale and grey, and cheerless as the memory of past sorrow in dreams. There is nothing more sorrowful than this wanness of still water under dark sky."

W. A. ON "A SHROPSHIRE LAD."

WHEN a discerning critic, a lover of poetry (to use a misused phrase), happens upon a poet not altogether new, reads him with avidity, and writes about him enthusiastically, the result is good reading. In such case has Mr. William Archer lately been with Mr. A. E. Housman, author of "A Shropshire Lad," whose muse was extolled in the ACADEMY some time ago. Mr. Archer prints his appreciation of "A Shropshire Lad" in the *Fortnightly*: "You may read it in half an hour, but there are things in it you will scarce forget in a lifetime." Later in the article Mr. Archer remarks:

"Mr. Housman has three main topics: a stoical pessimism; a dogged rather than an exultant patriotism; and what I may perhaps call a wistful cynicism. His pessimism he formulates again and again. . . .

In a remarkable poem called 'The Welch Marches' he seems to give an ethnological reason for this sombre strain in his temperament. At Shrewsbury, he says (in a splendid stanza):

'The flag of morn in conqueror's state
Enters at the English gate:
The vanquished eve, as night prevails,
Bleeds upon the road to Wales.

When Severn down to Buildwas ran
Coloured with the death of man,
Couched upon her brother's grave
The Saxon got me on the slave

In my heart it has not died,
The war that sleeps on Severn side;
They cease not fighting, east and west,
On the marches of my breast.

Whatever its origin, whether it proceed from the subjection of the Celt to the Teuton, or from some more modern source, Mr. Housman's melancholy is inveterate and not to be shaken off. But there is nothing whining about it. Rather, it is bracing, invigorating. The poet communes with a statue in the Grecian gallery, who reminds him that:

"Years, ere you stood up from rest,
On my neck the collar prest;
Years, when you lay down your ill,
I shall stand and bear it still.
Courage, lad, 'tis not for long:
Stand, quit you like stone, be strong."
So I thought his look would say;
And light on me my trouble lay,
And I stepped out in flesh and bone
Manful, like the man of stone.

Following a curious habit, of which this little book offers several examples, Mr. Housman, in another poem, presents a variation of the same thought. This poem is so noble that I must quote it entire. Metrically, it is perhaps the best thing in the book—note the masterly handling of the cæsura:

'Be still, my soul, be still; the arms you bear are brittle,
Earth and high heaven are fixt of old and founded strong.
Think rather—call to thought, if now you grieve a little,
The days when we had rest, oh soul, for they were long.

Men loved unkindness then, but lightless in the quarry
I slept and saw not; tears fell down, I did not mourn;
Sweat ran and blood sprang out and I was never sorry:
Then it was well with me, in days ere I was born.

Now, and I muse for why and never find the reason,
I pace the earth, and drink the air, and feel the sun.
Be still, be still, my soul; it is but for a season:
Let us endure an hour and see injustice done.

Ay, look: high heaven and earth ail from the prime foundation;
All thoughts to writhe the heart are here, and all are vain:
Horror and scorn and hate and fear and indignation—
Oh why did I awake? when shall I sleep again?

To show how Mr. Housman can touch his world-weariness to absolute beauty, I quote a poem so delicate that even the tenderest breath of praise would only shake off some of its bloom. It has for its motto what I take to be an old local rhyme—if it be not a new one:

"Clunton and Clunbury,
Clunbury and Clun,
Are the quietest places
Under the sun."

In valleys of springs and rivers,
By Ony and Teme and Clun,
The country for easy livers,
The quietest under the sun.

We still had sorrows to lighten,
One could not be always glad,
And lads knew trouble at Knighton,
When I was a Knighton lad.

By bridges that Thames runs under,
In London, the town built ill,
'Tis sure small matter for wonder
If sorrow is with one still.

And if as a lad grows older
The troubles he bears are more,
He carries his griefs on a shoulder
That handselled them long ago.

Where shall one halt to deliver
This luggage I'd lief set down?
Not Thames, not Teme is the river,
Nor London nor Knighton the town:

'Tis a long way further than Knighton,
A quieter place than Clun,
Where doomsday may thunder and lighten,
And little 'twill matter to one.'

The English language is appreciably the richer for such work as this.

One of his most notable little groups of poems turns on the idea that

'A lad that lives and has his will
Is worth a dozen dead.'

By far the best of the group is a dialogue between a dead man and his living friend, the gist of which lies in the friend's last answer:

'Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
Never ask me whose.'

As for the pains of love misplaced, have they ever been more poignantly or more briefly expressed than in the two stanzas of this perfect song?

'When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a-plenty
And sold for endless rue."
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true 'tis true.'

There is a whole heart-history in this ingenious and exquisite little work of art.

In a few of Mr Housman's poems, however, there is no touch of that bitterness of feeling which I have named, or misnamed, cynicism. 'Bredon Hill' (pronounced *Breedon*) seems to me almost unrivalled in its delicate, unemphatic pathos:

'In Summer time on Bredon
The bells they sound so clear;
Round both the shires they ring them
In steeples far and near,
A happy noise to hear.

Here of a Sunday morning
My love and I would lie,
And see the coloured counties,
And hear the larks so high
About us in the sky.

The bells would ring to call her
In valleys miles away:
"Come all to church, good people;
Good people, come and pray."
But here my love would stay.

And I would turn and answer
Among the springing thyme,
"Oh, peal upon our wedding,
And we will hear the chime,
And come to church in time."

But when the snows at Christmas
On Bredon top were strown,
My love rose up so early
And stole out unbeknown
And went to church alone.

They tolled the one bell only,
Groom there was none to see,
The mourners followed after,
And so to church went she,
And would not wait for me.

The bells they sound on Bredon,
And still the steeples hum:
"Come all to Church good people"—
Oh, noisy bells, be dumb;
I hear you, I will come.'

It is long since we have caught just this note in English verse—the note of intense feeling uttering itself in language of unadorned precision, uncontorted truth. Mr. Housman is a vernacular poet, if ever there was one. He employs scarcely a word that is not understood of the people, and current on their lips. For this very reason, some readers who have come to regard decoration, and even contortion, as of the essence of poetry, may need time to acquire the taste for Mr. Housman's simplicity. But if he is vernacular, he is also classical in the best sense of the word. His simplicity is not that of weakness, but of strength and skill. He eschews extrinsic and factitious ornament because he knows how to attain beauty without it. It is good to mirror a thing in figures, but it is at least as good to express the thing itself in its essence, always provided, of course, that the method be that of poetic synthesis, not of scientific analysis. Mr. Housman has this talent in a very high degree; and cognate and complementary to it is his remarkable gift of reticence—of aposiopesis, if I may wrest the term from its rhetorical sense and apply it to poetry. He will often say more by a cunning silence than many another poet by pages of speech. That is how he has contrived to get into this tiny volume so much of the very essence and savour of life."

WAR AS MATERIAL FOR LITERATURE.

MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM has written an interesting critical introduction to Mr. Stephen Crane's war stories, which, for the first time, are issued in a single volume by Mr. Heinemann. Mr. Wyndham thus discusses the conditions under which war becomes literary material:

"All men are aware of antagonism and desire, or at the least are conscious, even in the nursery, that their hearts are the destined theatres of these emotions; all have felt or heard of their violence; all know that, unlike other emotions, these must often be translated into the glittering drama of decisive speech and deed; all, in short, expect to be lovers, and peer at the possibility of fighting. And yet how hard it is for the tried to compare notes, for the untried to anticipate experience! Love and war have been the themes of song and story in every language since the beginning of the world, love-making and fighting the supreme romances of most men and most nations; but any one man knows little enough of either beyond the remembered record of his own chances and achievements, and knows still less whither to turn in order to learn more. We resent this ignorance as a slur on our manhood, and snatch at every chance of dispelling it. And at first, in the scientific 'climate' of our time, we are disposed to ask for documents: for love-letters, and letters written from the field of battle. These we imagine, if collected and classified, might supply the evidence for an induction. But, on second thoughts, we remember that such love-letters as have been published are, for the most part, not nearer to life than romantic literature, but farther removed from it by many stages; that they are feeble echoes of conventional art—not immediate reflections, but blurred impressions of used plates carelessly copied from meretricious paintings. And so it is with the evidence at first hand upon war. The letters and journals of soldiers and subordinate officers in the field are often of a more pathetic interest than most love letters; but to the searcher after truth they are still disappointing, for they deal almost exclusively with matters beyond the possibilities of the writer's acquaintance. They are all of surmises—of what dear ones are doing at home, or of the enemy's intentions and the general's plans for outwitting him: they reflect the writer's love and professional ambition, but hardly ever the new things he has heard and seen and felt. And when they attempt these things they sink to the level of the love letters, and become mere repetitions of accepted form.

I can remember one letter from an English private, describing an engagement in which some eighty men were killed and wounded out of a force of eight thousand: he wrote of comrades in his own battalion 'falling like sheep,' and gave no clue to the country in which he served. It might have been in Siberia or the Sahara, against savages or civilised troops; you could glean nothing except that he had listened to patriotic songs in music halls at home. Perhaps the most intimate love letters and battle letters never get printed at all. But, as it is, you cannot generalise from collections of documents as you can from collections of ferns and beetles:

there is not, and there never can be, a science of the perceptions and emotions which thrill young lovers and recruits. The modern soldier is a little less laconic than his mediæval forebear. Indeed, he could hardly surpass the tantalising reserve of, say, Thomas Denyes, a gentleman who fights at Towton, and sums up the carnage of thirty-eight thousand men in a single sentence: 'Oure Sovereign Lord hath wonne the field.' But it is astonishing to note how little even the modern soldier manages to say. He receives rude and swift answers in the field to the questions that haunted his boyish dreams, but he keeps the secret with masonic self-possession.

Marbot's *Memoirs* and, in a lesser degree, Tomkinson's *Diary of a Cavalry Officer*, are both admirable as personal accounts of the Peninsular Campaign; but the warfare they describe is almost as obsolete as that of the Roses, and, even if it were not so, they scarcely attempt the recreation of intense moments by the revelation of their imprint on the minds that endured them. And, on the score of art and of reticence, one is glad that they do not. Their authors were gallant soldiers waging war in fact, and not artists reproducing it in fiction. They satisfy the special curiosity of men interested in strategy and tactics, not the universal curiosity of Man the potential Combatant. He is fascinated by the picturesque and emotional aspects of battle, and the experts tell him little of either. To gratify that curiosity you must turn from the Soldier to the Artist, who is trained both to see and tell, or inspired, even without seeing, to divine what things have been and must be. Some may rebel against accepting his evidence, since it is impossible to prove the truth of his report; but it is equally impossible to prove the beauty of his accomplishment. Yet both are patent to everyone capable of accepting truth or beauty, and by a surer warrant than any chance coincidence of individual experience and taste. . . . The conditions of the age-long contention have changed and will change, but its certainty is coeval with progress: so long as there are things worth fighting for fighting will last, and the fashion of fighting will change under the reciprocal stresses of rival inventions. Hence its double interest of abiding necessity and ceaseless variation. Of all these variations the most marked has followed, within the memory of most of us, upon the adoption of long-range weapons of precision, and continues to develop under our eyes with the development of rapidity in firing. And yet, with the exception of Zola's *La Débâcle*, no considerable attempt has been made to portray war under its new conditions. The old stories are less trustworthy than ever as guides to the experiences which a man may expect in battle, and to the emotions which those experiences are likely to arouse. No doubt the prime factors in the personal problem—the chances of death and mutilation—continue to be about the same. In these respects it matters little whether you are pierced by a bullet at two thousand yards or stabbed at hands' play with a dagger. We know that the most appalling death-rolls of recent campaigns have been more than equalled in ancient warfare; and, apart from history, it is clear that, unless one side runs away, neither can win save by the infliction of decisive losses. But although these personal risks continue to be essentially the same, the picturesque and emotional aspects of war are completely altered by every change in the shape and circumstance of imminent death. And these are the fit materials for literature—the things which even dull men remember with the undying imagination of poets, but which, for lack of the writer's art, they cannot communicate. The sights flashed indelibly on the retina of the eye; the sounds that after long silences suddenly cipher; the stench that sickens in after-life at any chance allusion to decay; or, stirred by these, the storms of passions that force yells of defiance out of inarticulate clowns; the winds of fear that sweep by night along prostrate ranks with the acceleration of trains and the noise as of a whole town waking from nightmare with stertorous, indrawn gasps—these colossal facts of the senses and the soul are the only colours in which the very image of war can be painted. Mr. Crane has composed his palette with these colours, and has painted a picture that challenges comparison with the most vivid scenes of Tolstoi's *La Guerre et la Paix* or of Zola's *La Débâcle*."

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NOTES AND NEWS.

THE event of the week in the book world is the incorporation of the firm of Messrs. Bentley in that of Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Since the amalgamation of the firms of Rivingtons and Longmans no transaction of the kind has had the same importance. The firm of Bentley was a ripe old concern, with a fine array of copyrights and traditions. The late Mr. George Bentley was, indeed, a great figure in the publishing world, for he was a man of high culture, as well as of business capacity. He left a handsome fortune, and it is perhaps not surprising that Mr. Richard Bentley, who is keenly interested in scientific pursuits, has decided not to battle longer with the altered conditions of the publishing trade, and the competition of younger firms. To these new conditions the firm never really bent its knee. The exit of the thirty-one and sixpenny novel, for instance, was never fully recognised in New Burlington-street, and the bindings adopted by the firm were old-fashioned in design. The firm of Bentley could afford to take up an attitude of proud reserve, and to die as it had lived. It should not be forgotten, however, that at the very close of their record Messrs. Bentley won a huge success by the publication of Lord Roberts's reminiscences.

CIRCULARS are being issued to the trade by Messrs. Bentley and Messrs. Macmillan announcing the change. From these it is interesting to learn that the staff lately employed in New Burlington-street will be transferred to St. Martin's-street. One effect of the change will be that Messrs. Macmillan will now become magazine publishers on a larger scale than hitherto; for it is their intention to continue *Temple Bar* and the *Argosy*. Another is this: Messrs. Macmillan will now be able to complete their set of Jane Austen's works by the

addition of the two fragments, *Lady Susan* and *The Watsons*, the copyrights of which belonged to Messrs. Bentley.

WITH the winding up of the Bentley firm, the last upholders of the Trade Dinner, as a publishing institution, have gone. In the old days these dinners, to which publishers invited the booksellers to eat and buy, were pleasant social occasions. The houses of Murray, Bentley, Longmans, and Routledge gave regular annual dinners to their customers. The Albion Hotel in Aldersgate-street was the favourite rendezvous, and old booksellers who remember these banquets are sorry that the custom has fallen into disuse. The meal ended, and a few speeches having been delivered, the business of the evening began: books ready for publication were shown round, and were sold at special "Albion prices."

A LIFE of Lewis Carroll, we suppose, had to be written, and since it is the custom nowadays to entrust biographies to relations, we learn without surprise that a nephew, Mr. S. D. Collingwood, has been chosen for the task. Judging from the habit of Lewis Carroll's life, and his oft-expressed distaste for publicity (once he was very angry with an editor for addressing him by his baptismal name) the author of *Alice in Wonderland* would not have been over-pleased at the notion of a biography, and a biography which is to include "some of his earlier compositions and drawings." The biography of Lewis Carroll in *Who's Who?* is ideal. Mr. Dodgson might have written it himself. Six words merely—"senior student of Christ Church, Oxford," followed by a long list of mathematical publications, with the magic word Alice peeping through them.

MR. KIPLING's new volume will be called *The Day's Work*. Six times, says an American contemporary, "has he read and worked over the proofs, and I suppose that he would go over them six times more if the formes were not already on the press." The bill for corrections would make an interesting frontispiece.

THE writing of Mr. Maurice Hewlett is much to our taste. His *Forest Lovers*—joyous, virile, distinguished—has already set the literary world a-talking. Indeed, those who have not read the forest history of Prosper le Gai and Isoult la Desirous have some good hours in store these summer days. *Macmillan's Magazine* for August contains another specimen of Mr. Hewlett's fiction—a sidelight, as it were, of his narrative art. It is the little love story of Messer Cino of Pistoja, who sat in an important chair in his University, and who called Dante friend. It is a little love story, with a subtle moral that permits itself to be very much remembered. Through the pages Dante, "foot sore with exile, half-way over the Apennine by this time," moves. One day Cino thought to himself, "I will send a copy of my sonnet to Dante Alighieri," for love had made him a poet:

"Dante's reply to his copy was characteristic. He confined himself almost entirely to techni-

calities, strongly objecting to the sestett with its three rhymes in the middle, upon which Cino had prided himself in no small degree. The only thing he seemed to care for was the tenth line, 'A dolce morte sotto dolce inganno,' which you may render, if you like, 'To a sweet death under so sweet deceit'; but he said there were too many o's in it. 'As to the subject of your poem,' he wrote in a postscript, 'love is a thing of so terrible a nature that not lightly is it to be entered, since it cannot be lightly left; and, seeing the latter affair is much out of a man's power, he should be wary with the former, wherein at present he would appear to have some discretion, though not very much.' This was chilly comfort; but by the time it reached him Cino was beyond the assault of chills."

During the autumn a lyrical play by Mr. Hewlett, called *Pan and the Young Shepherd*, will be issued.

OPINIONS would differ as to what constitutes a "real find" in literature, as they differ in respect of the proper volumes for Corydon's bookshelf. Mr. Frank Harris might vote for *The Autobiography of Shakespeare*, Mr. Butcher for *Homer's Pocket Diary*, and Dr. Mommsen for *The Lost Books of Livy*. The *Atlantic Monthly* considers the bundle of letters from Carlyle to his "little sister Jenny" to be a "real find" in literature. These letters are a "real find," in fact, and will begin in the September issue of that journal. They will be edited by Mr. C. T. Copeland.

APROPPOS Mr. Frank Harris and Shakespeare, shots are being fired between the *Saturday Review* and the *Sketch*. Our pictorial contemporary began hostilities by saying that Mr. Frank Harris's articles on Shakespeare in the *Saturday Review* are not very novel, a remark which has aroused "G. S.," who writes to the editor of the *Saturday* in defence of the editor of the *Saturday*. The sting of his letter is in the postscript, which had better have been omitted. We should find the *Sketch* distinctly less amusing if it gave us no more "literary judgments." The reply of the *Sketch* in the current issue can only be described as a broadside.

MR. BIRRELL, by the by, will not be altogether amused by the two-page article in last week's issue of the *Sketch*, called "The Editing of Mr. Augustine Birrell—showing how he treated Robert Browning." This is a very belated and very industrious review of Mr. Birrell's two-volume edition of Browning's poems, published in 1896. The criticism is confined mainly to Mr. Birrell's notes on the poems, which are summarised in this fashion: (1) Those which are absolutely wrong; (2) those which are wrong in the given context; (3) those which are right as far as they go, but miss the point requiring elucidation; and (4) those which are superfluous, the information being already given in the context. The critical corrections fill a column and a quarter. We quote a few. If such learned criticism is to find a home in frivolous papers, what is to become of the graver journals.

Vol. i., p. 123: The Loxian, "Apollo (the bowman)."

This should be "Apollo (the oracle-giver)." (See Preller or Liddell and Scott.)

Vol. i., p. 139: Tagliafer, "Minstrel-Knight of William the Conqueror."

William's minstrel-knight was named Taillefer, was killed at the Battle of Hastings in 1066, and can have no connexion with Sordello in the thirteenth century. (See also p. 130.)

Vol. i., p. 493: Iketides, "The Suppliants," a fragment of a play by Æschylus."

"The Suppliants" is not a fragment, but a complete play.

Vol. i., p. 652: Kupris, "The Cyprian Venus."

In the Greek dramatists, with whose usage we are here concerned, Kupris means Aphrodite without local distinction.

Vol. i., p. 668: Propulais, "Part of the Acropolis."

If a note is needful here at all, it should say "the entrance to the Acropolis."

MR. STEAD issues this week the eighth annual volume of his *Index to the Periodicals*, compiled, as usual, by Miss E. Hetherington. Simultaneously, in the current *Review of Reviews*, Mr. Stead returns to an idea which he broached some time ago, that of establishing a system by which single articles in the magazines could be supplied in the same manner as a Press-cutting agency supplies notices. Thus, supposing a man wants to read and keep articles relating to London. In 1897 such articles appeared in over sixty magazines. To purchase and find shelf room for all these, or half these, magazines might be out of the question. Mr. Stead would supply the articles at the same cost, or less if possible, as the magazines in which they appear. That is to say, he would do the search work, and save the student's time and space, and give him an orderly set of articles on his favourite subject which he might bind in a convenient volume. The idea seems to us a good one, and we hope it will be advanced beyond the stage of "tentative proposal" at which it now stands.

THE new threepenny magazine which Messrs. Pearson, Ltd., propose to start in rivalry with the *Harmsworth Magazine* is to be entitled *The Royal Magazine*. We have entered on a new epoch in periodicals—the epoch of the million copies. Messrs. Pearson will throw that appalling number of their first issue upon the market. Meanwhile it is fearfully rumoured that the Messrs. Harmsworth intend to explode another threepenny magazine, to compete with their own *Harmsworth*. Our Book Market reports this week show that the sixpenny reprints of standard novels are in good demand. Depend upon it, threepenny reprints, equal to these in appearance, will be seen ere long.

MRS. LYNN LINTON has left £18,000, of which the handsome sum of £12,000 represents literary earnings. Among legacies interesting to the public Mrs. Lynn Linton bequeathed the brooch in the form of a rose given to her by Walter Savage Landor to her niece, Miss Ada Lucy Gedge, and a photograph of Walter Savage Landor to Mr. Swinburne. She directed that the Elgin Marbles which belonged to her husband

should be sent to him, or to his representatives, for presentation to the American National Gallery, by his desire.

What *Maisie Knew* struck us as being rather a good title for a novel, and particularly apposite to Mr. Henry James's story. We have not had occasion to ask for it at a public library, and if we had had occasion to do so it would not have occurred to us "to be ashamed," like the lady from Portland, Maine, in the following letter. It was addressed to the editor of the *Critic*, of New York. What, we wonder, does Laura Jean Libby think of the lady from Portland, Maine?

"What's in a name?" is not a recent question, but the reply should be, 'Everything,' when Mr. James can give such a title to his latest novel as *What Maisie Knew*. One would not believe such a commonplace lapse from good taste possible in the case of Mr. James, whose name is a synonym for literary elegance and style. One might expect it of Laura Jean Libby, or the author of *Mr. Barnes of New York*, but that Mr. James, the superfine, should burden the offspring of his brain in this manner is a cause for weeping and wailing among his host of admirers, of whom I am one. A woman of my acquaintance said that she was really ashamed to ask at the public library for a book with such a title. And the fact that *Maisie Knew* a great deal more than was good for her does not help the matter in the least."

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS's *The King's Jackall* has already been published in America, and is now in a second edition. Of Mr. Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune* we hear that 55,000 copies were sold in twelve months.

Two further volumes—Vol. II. of the Poetry and Vol. II. of the Letters—of Mr. John Murray's edition of the works of Lord Byron will be published in October. The *édition de luxe* has all been sold. The Duke of Argyll's new book will bear as sub-title *Some Suggestions on the Great Secret of Biology*. Another scientific work to be issued by Mr. Murray will be *The Tides and Kindred Phenomena in the Solar System*, by Mr. G. H. Darwin, of Cambridge, son of Charles Darwin.

The Life of George Borrow, based on official and other authentic documents, may also be expected in October. The author, Prof. Knapp, has spent many years collecting correspondence, documents, and facts relating to Borrow, and visiting the scenes described by him.

The Letters by Benjamin Jowett (supplementary to the Life) will not be published till January.

MR. KIPLING's praise of Fuzzy-Wuzzy is, it seems, no warmer than Fuzzy-Wuzzy's praise of Tommy Atkins. Fuzzy, we read in Mr. Bennet Burleigh's *Sirdar and Khalifa*, published this week,

"revels and rejoices in Tommy, just as Kipling has done, as a foeman worthy of his steel. With a fine contempt for other natives. . .

'Inglees Tommy' is his ideal man, a fellow fearless and mighty."

And this is part of a rendering, by Mr. Burleigh, of one of Fuzzy-Wuzzy's generous poems:

"Worthy only of our swift steel
Is the bold red man, the Ingleesy,
From the West, from over the sea,
They came to do battle with us.
How like unto them
The Hadendowa;
They invincible on water,
We on land,
The Red Ingleesy,
The Hadendowa.

Suckled by lions, strong as steel,
They and we fought face to face.
Red Ingleesy—Hadendowa.
Glory, we withstood them.
The unconquerable, the Ingleesy.
What nation is like to them?
Hadendowa and Ingleesy unconquerable,
Lightning to lightning,
All-consuming.

Ya, ya, Tommy,
Blood, wounds, and battles,
Rage and rejoice in.
Ya! great heart red men,
The mighty Ingleesy."

THERE is a good deal of piquant, not to say distressing, reading in the second report of the Select Committee on Museums of the Science and Art Department published last Friday, and noticed by the *Times* (the *Spectator* cannot understand why) four days before publication. The report is a severe indictment of the whole conduct of the Department. Thus and thus:

"There is an absence of definite rules which are imperative for the proper conduct of a museum; on the other hand, there are regulations which have been allowed to fall into desuetude, while others which remain hamper the discretion of responsible officers."

"The secretary should be merely accounting and corresponding officer."

"The Director of the Art Museum should be an expert in one or more classes of art."

"The Committee has been informed that the Oviform Vase bought at the Hamilton Sale for the sum of £71 8s., was not only an excessive price, but that the object was superfluous, as the Museum already possessed two identical vases, for which £7 and £2 10s. had been paid respectively. Another case is that of the Silver Clock which was 'bought in' at an auction for £345, and for which the Museum paid £1,200 a year later."

"There are many undesirable objects to which we must call attention. The bulk of these have found their way to Bethnal Green. There is a huge pottery wine cooler, a white vase seven feet high, 'hideous black Venetian figures' which might be removed 'without any very great loss to the neighbourhood.' The large model of the vineyard is worthless, especially in East London."

"The control of the collection of pictures is unsatisfactory."

"Mr. Weal found the Art Library in confusion on his appointment."

"Bibliography requires a strict training, and it is a mistake to suppose that the library will

make progress in the future if it continues necessary to 'do the best it can with all-round men.'"

"At present there is no junior who knows anything of German, a language of the first importance in an art library."

"The catalogue shows a strange lack of knowledge. H. C. Reneue is given in the catalogue as an author's name; it is really a misprint for the French word meaning 'revised.' Deel is also given as an author, the word being the Dutch for 'volume.' The title of a book on the Marian Annals, 'Mariani Fasti,' is transformed into an author's name; Fasti being made the surname, and Mariani the Christian name. Another habitual error seems to have arisen from confusion between the writer's name and the name of his town or birthplace, which was frequently appended to the name in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There are many other errors of this description."

"A curious illustration of departmental laxity is shown in the practice of binding up advertisements. The letterpress of various newspapers and journals taken in by the library was separated from the advertisements and bound up; but the advertisements were also bound up separately in half morocco with gilt edges. When Mr. Weale was made keeper he immediately put a stop to this waste, and withdrew the subscription to newspapers such as *Puck*. He sent 213 volumes of advertisement pages of the *Garden*, the *Queen*, the *Builder*, and other architectural journals to stores. Here they were destroyed."

"A great deal of evidence has been laid before us about the catalogue of National Engraved Portraits, compiled by a cousin of the secretary of the department. . . . It is grossly inaccurate and full of absurdities."

"Pugin, for instance, is said to have 'cruised about the Channel, collecting archaeological and natural curiosities.'"

"Jackson, a publican-pugilist, has eleven lines of biography, while Lord Beaconsfield, 'Conservative-politician,' has three."

"The popularity of the Dyce and Forster Library is waning. There are not now more than two or three readers a day, . . . yet a keeper and two attendants are engaged in connection with the library."

"We observe that 160 persons are inter-related out of the staff of 774 persons; that is, nearly 20 per cent."

"Your Committee recommend that the Director of the Science Museum shall possess scientific attainments, and that the Director of the Art Museum have like qualifications as regards art."

JOHNSONIANs have a new topic. There has just come to light a little note-book containing notes made by Dr. Johnson during his visit to France with the Thrales in 1775. Its contents appear in Boswell's *Life*, and Boswell states that he deposited the MS. in the British Museum. Apparently he neglected to do this. The book came into the possession of Samuel Rogers, and it has now been found among the Rogers papers of the late Mrs. Sharpe, of Highbury, the widow of Mr. William Sharpe, who was one of Rogers's executors. The book is now

in the keeping of Mrs. Sharpe's daughters. A correspondent of the *Athenæum* makes the puzzling statement that he saw this note-book at the George Daniell sale in 1864. Rogers died in 1855, so that if he ever really owned the book it would appear to have passed out of, and then returned to, the possession of his heirs or executors.

In her Introduction to the *Sketch Books*, just issued by Messrs. Smith & Elder in their biographical edition of Thackeray, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie gives some interesting particulars about the composition of these works. Concerning the sales of the *Paris Sketch Book*, by "A. Titmarsh," we find Thackeray writing:

"A *Titmarsh* has sold 140 copies, and be hanged to it—the donkeys of a public don't know a good thing when they get it. It has, however, been hugely praised by the Press, and will serve to keep my name up, though a failure."

To this Thackeray adds, in the same breath, the following characteristic bit of portraiture:

"Such a man of an engraver as I have found! He is about thirty-eight, has not a spark of genius, works fourteen hours a day, never breakfasts except off cheese and bread in his *atelier*, dines in the same way, never goes out, makes about 3,000 francs a year, has a wife and child, and is happy the whole day long; the whole home is like a cage of canaries, nothing but singing from night till morning. It goes to my heart to hear his little wife singing at her work. What noble characters does one light on in little nooks of this great world!"

APROPOS of the "failure" of the *Paris Sketch Book*, it is interesting to learn that Thackeray was to have "7½d. out of each half-crown," the book being published at the latter figure. He jokingly calculated his profits on various prospective rates—reckoned them at £3,125 on 100,000 copies. What author has not done the same?

It is perhaps not generally remembered that Thackeray seriously meditated a *Life of Talleyrand*. The book was actually advertised, and he had done much reading for it. Even when starting for the East with a £200 commission in his pocket to write his impressions he exclaims in a letter: "Then to Talleyrand." The Talleyrand remained an intention. Yet the subject, one thinks, would have suited Thackeray exactly.

THE *Dome* is resolved to come out as a monthly magazine instead of a quarterly as hitherto. The August issue is an Announcement number of small size, and is sent out free of charge. The first number of the monthly series will appear on October 1. Meanwhile, the other publications of the Unicorn Press are to be added to and improved. The *Unicorn Books of Verse*, of which three volumes have been issued, will be continued, thirty more of these gilt-topped quartos being promised. But the editor discreetly says that if thirty singers are not found with the "true ring" he will reduce the number to a dozen, or lower still. "Of thirty grant but three" may yet be his prayer.

HOLIDAY READING.

I.—CORYDON'S BOOKCASE.

CORRESPONDENTS' SUGGESTIONS.

IN our issue of July 30 we printed an article under the title of "Corydon's Bookcase," in which the writer discussed the best books for holiday reading. He clinched his suggestions by proposing a list of twenty books which he deemed suitable for light reading in the vacant days of summer. The list our contributor gave was as follows:

Shakespeare, *As You Like It*.
Scott, *The Antiquary*.
Tennyson, *The Lady of Shalott*, and *Other Poems* (the *Lotos-Eaters* included).
Robert Herrick, *The Hesperides*.
Keats, *Poems*.
George Herbert, *The Temple*.
Locker-Lampson, *Lyra Elegantiarum*.
Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*.
Blake, *Songs of Innocence*.
Spenser, *Fairy Queen*.
Fielding, *Tom Jones*.
Smollett, *Humphrey Clinker*.
Richardson, *Clarissa Harlowe*.
Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*.
George Eliot, *Silas Marner*.
A Book of Ballads.
Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*.
Blackmore, *Lorna Doone*.
Stevenson, *Merry Men*.
Charles Lamb, *Essays of Elia*.

We have since taken the opinions of a few literary men on the subject, a first instalment of which we print below. Other suggestions will be welcomed.

Sir Walter Besant sends us a list of books which "I should recommend to Corydon." But Sir Walter is careful to add: "I must warn Corydon that this list is most imperfect, and that there are many books which have quite as good a right as any of them to stand upon his shelves." The list is as follows:

Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.
Bacon, *Essays*.
Milton, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*.
Addison, *Spectator*.
Gray, *Elegy*.
Herrick, *Hesperides*.
Fielding, *Tom Jones*.
Cowper, *Poems*.
Byron, *Childe Harold*.
Scott, *Fortunes of Nigel*.
Wordsworth, *Excursion*.
Charles Lamb, *Essays of Elia*.
Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, with Skeat's "Notes"—a small mediæval encyclopædia.
The Golden Treasury.
Charles Reade, *The Cloister and the Hearth*.
Keats, *Poems*.
Browning, *Sludge, the Medium*.
Tennyson, *Maud*.
Stevenson, *Treasure Island*.
Thackeray, *Newcomes*.

Mr. Clement K. Shorter sends us the following:

"In reply to your request for an expression of opinion, I beg to inform you that I have read with very great enjoyment the article on 'Corydon's Bookcase' in the ACADEMY, and with one exception I think the list of twenty books contained in that article is a splendid selection of good literature. It is true I prefer Scott's *Kenilworth* to *The Antiquary*, but having recently re-read the whole of Scott's novels I think them all so excellent, so abounding in great qualities, that I should not mind which of them—apart from those written in later paralytic days—found its way into my trunk on a journey. That *Pride and Prejudice* is Jane Austen's greatest book, and *Silas Marner*, George Eliot's, I hold to be now indisputable. In any case, the only substitute that I should make in the list of twenty volumes is that of *The Golden Treasury*, of the late Mr. F. T. Palgrave, in lieu of George Herbert's *Temple*. But then I must have *The Golden Treasury* in its earlier form. When I think of the crimes of omission and insertion that Mr. Palgrave made in his later edition of *The Golden Treasury*; when I think of the futility of the second volume which he published on the same lines, I am inclined to believe that the charm of the first edition of *The Golden Treasury* was entirely due to the literary instincts of Lord Tennyson, who, it has been admitted, advised Mr. Palgrave when he made that first selection.

The fact is, however, Mr. Editor, that, to be perfectly sincere, I must admit that as I grow older I feel less and less inclined to take the 'classics' with me on a holiday. I find that none of them get read. If one is on the Continent, it is the latest volume of the Tauchnitz series, or if in England, the latest yellow-back that has been left behind by a visitor to the hotel, that one really takes on to the beach and devours. All the delightful books in Corydon's bookcase are most enjoyed, I fancy, in one's own library. In going for a month's holiday one should put into one's trunk just a dozen or so of the latest novels. My own reading of the last few weeks, for example, has included Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, Mr. Maurice Hewlett's *Forest Lovers*, Sudermann's *Regina*—a very disappointing book, I think—Anthony Hope's *Rupert of Hentzau*, Mr. Max Pemberton's *Kronstadt*, and, in fact, just the books that are most in demand at every circulating library. These are the books which seem to be in harmony with the general recklessness and dissipation of a holiday; and, moreover, they are the only books that one's friends will also read, and thereby provide material for after discussion, and add, as it were, a piquant sauce to the delicacies in which one has indulged. No doubt they are the twenty 'best books' in Corydon's bookcase, but some of us are not in the humour for 'best books' when on a holiday."

Mr. Maurice Hewlett makes a reply to our inquiry which will interest, without

surprising, readers of his novel *Forest Lovers*:

"In the matter of books tastes differ. Your Corydon's box would by no means suit me; I can very well exist for three months without *Lorna Doone* or *Pickwick* or the works of Mr. Thomas Hardy. I am far from saying that mine would suit him any better, or that it would suit anybody but myself. However, as you ask concerning its contents, and as it happens to consist of some twenty volumes, here it is at your service:

Boccaccio, *Decameron* (3 vols.).
Dante (3 vols.).
Macchiavelli.
Quentin Durward (2 vols.).
Rob Roy (2 vols.).
Memoirs of Marguerite de Valois.
Dumas, The 'Valois' Series (5 vols.).
Shakespeare.
Lockhart, *Life of Scott*.
Philip de Commines (2 vols.).
Meredith, *Farina and General Ople*.
Percy Reliques.

If I had had room I should have taken one Thackeray (*The Newcomes* for choice), Sir Thomas Browne, and Bacon's *Essays*."

We may add that articles on the subject of holiday reading have appeared during the last week in the *Athenæum*, the *Westminster Gazette*, and *Country Life*. In the last-named paper the writer, criticising our list, would deduct all the verse except Shakespeare, Herrick's *Hesperides*, and the *Canterbury Tales*. He would add Matthew Arnold's poems, and fill the remaining gaps with *Vanity Fair*, *The Pickwick Papers*, *Tristram Shandy*, and other books.

II.—SHIPBOARD LITERATURE.

ONE of the things which most men resolve to do when they are making preparations for their first long sea-voyage is to get through some solid reading. Now, they think, is the opportunity to tackle Herbert Spencer, of whom they have heard so much and know so little; so they pack a portmanteau with *The Principles of Sociology*, and feel quite virtuous and philosophical on the strength of it. Perhaps they are going to South America, where Spanish is the prevailing tongue. A good working acquaintance with the language will be a great advantage when they arrive. Even if they do not require to speak it much, they will—as the Minister told the disappointed office-seeker whom he had advised to learn Spanish—"be able to read *Don Quixote* in the original." So in go a dictionary and a grammar. "I don't know my Dickens"—or "my Scott"—"as well as I ought," says the intending traveller to himself; "I shall seize the opportunity of getting level with them on the voyage. No doubt the ship's library will contain a set."

Alas! for these bright hopes and these brave resolutions. Macaulay could read on board ship, but then he could read—or rather, as his custom was, "tear the heart out of a book"—in any situation: under a gas-lamp in the street, in bed by

the fitful and incendiary light of a candle; could have read, we doubt not, even as the Chinaman can sleep, "lying backwards across a wheelbarrow, with his mouth open and a fly buzzing about inside it." The list of the works which he devoured on his way out to India to take up his appointment as Member of Council is positively horrific. In one of his letters home he says:

"My power of finding amusement without companion was pretty well tried on the voyage. I read insatiably: the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Cæsar's Commentaries*, *Bacon de Augmentis*, *Dante*, *Petrarch*, *Ariosto*, *Tasso*, *Don Quixote*, *Gibbon's Rome*, *Mill's India*, all the seventy volumes of *Voltaire*, *Sismondi's History of France*, and the seven thick folios of the *Biographia Britannica*."

And remember, too, that if he was at all like the Macaulay of later years, he probably took at least a fair share in the general conversation of the ship. In another letter he says that his sister Hannah, who accompanied him, "read novels and sermons with the ladies in the mornings. I devoured Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, and English; folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos."

Here is a splendid example to copy. Happily, or unhappily, few of us are such omnivorous readers as Macaulay. Our tastes concur more with those of the gentle Hannah, except, perhaps, as regards the sermons. Besides, our voyages to India or elsewhere do not last three or four months, as his did; while the distractions of the modern liner are a good deal more numerous than those of the old East Indiaman. It may be, moreover, that for the first two or three days we are thinking less about the improvement of our minds than the comfort of a more mortal part of us. The portmanteau containing Herbert Spencer and the Spanish grammar is under the berth, quite inaccessible to our feeble grasp. Besides which, to hold a thick octavo volume at the proper angle to the light from the porthole would be an impossible weariness to the flesh. So we solace ourselves temporarily with a stray copy of *Tit-Bits*, which is light in hand, and makes no demand upon the intellect, and does not suffer from its perusal being necessarily intermittent.

In a day or two we are ready to tackle more solid fare, mental as well as physical. But there is the ship to be looked over, acquaintances to be begun, games to be played. The morning is the time for earnest reading, and it is astonishing how sleepy one always is in the morning. The early rising—for on shipboard even the sluggard is up and about and clamouring for his bath at an hour which would appal him on land—the heavy breakfast and the sea-air have a soporific effect which neither *The Principles of Sociology* nor the Castilian declensions are able to dispel. So the voice of conscience is stilled, all too easily; the philosopher and the grammarian are restored to their portmanteau, and we decide to fall back on the Scott—or was it the Dickens? For them recourse must be had to the ship's library. You may see it through the glass doors of a couple of book-cases in the saloon. With some difficulty the steward who acts as librarian

produces the key. Heavens! What a collection. No Scott, no Dickens, except perhaps *Pickwick* and *Waverley*, which you do happen to have read; no Thackeray, no George Eliot; but a certain number of ancient and obsolete novels, evidently left from time to time by stray passengers, and a considerable sprinkling of polemical works of devotion, which even good Hannah Macaulay could hardly have stomachied; some of them presented by charitable societies, others "marooned" here by their irritated possessors.

Seriously, it is a strange thing, considering how luxurious are the appointments of the modern "liner," how its saloons glitter with glass and gilding, and its tables groan from morn to eve with every delicacy that the refrigerating chambers can supply, that the owners do not do a little more for the mental refreshment of the traveller, and provide a small but well-selected library on board each vessel. It is possible that some lines already do this, though inquiry among passengers by several different routes has not unearthed a single case in which the ship's library was anything but contemptible. Yet the cost of a few good books would not in these days be prohibitive. An encyclopædia and a gazetteer—to provide authoritative answers to the problems propounded in the smoking-room—and "sets" of the standard novelists would alone be an enormous boon, for which one would willingly sacrifice a few of the mirrors in the saloon.

On board Her Majesty's warships, we are glad to learn, they pay more regard to the wants of the mind. On each vessel there is a library—varying in size according to the number of the ship's company—which is placed under the care of the chaplain, and consists of books of travel, scientific works, histories, and—this is the point—a selection of the best fiction. If only the "liners" would follow this excellent example!

As it is, the passenger has to be dependent upon his own resources and those of his shipmates. On the whole, for the common human man, who is not a Macaulay, fiction is the only reading for shipboard. And it must not, like a good many modern novels, make too great demands upon the intellect. The book which sets you thinking is apt at sea to set you sleeping. No, a good story, with plenty of incident and brisk dialogue, is what you want. Therefore, fill your portmanteau with romances—with glorious Dumas, best of them all; with Charles Reade, whose merits are so foolishly overlooked by modern novel-readers, but who will come to his own again; with Fenimore Cooper, who will make you forget the sea; and with Marryat, who will make you enjoy it twice as much. Be sparing of the moderns. Take one or two Clark Russells (to supplement the Marryats), a Weyman or two, a Hope, and a Merri-man; not more. Remember that for the 4s. 6d. which each of their books will cost you you can purchase a dozen masterpieces of the past. The small type in these cheap editions will not worry you at sea, where the light is always good; and you will not be tempted to take these paper-covered volumes ashore with you, but will leave them to replenish the ship's library, and so earn the

benisons of future generations of travellers. A few volumes of essays—Hazlitt and Lamb, Emerson and De Quincey—will serve to fill up the gaps between your novels; will prevent you from being surfeited with so much fiction, and will whet your appetite for more. A quick reader will devour on the average about one volume a day, even if he takes his part in the various amusements of the ship—the "bull" and the "deck-quoits," the songs in the music saloon, and the "small game" in the smoke room. Here is a list of some of the books read by one traveller on a three weeks' voyage. It contrasts painfully with Macaulay's, but it served its purpose:

Victor Hugo: *Toilers of the Sea*; *Notre Dame*.
Dumas: *Chicot the Jester*; *Marguerite de Valois*.
Merriman: *With Edged Tools*; *From One Generation to Another*.
Charles Reade: *Christie Johnstone*; *Peg Woffington*.
Mrs. Humphry Ward: *Sir George Tressady*.
Thoreau: *Walden*.
Froude: *The English in the West Indies*.
C. Brontë: *Jane Eyre*.
Max Pemberton: *The Sea Wolves*.
Charles Morley: *Confessions of an Old Burglar*.
Charles Lever: *That Boy of Norcott's*.

Of all these only the last, a story in Lever's later and duller manner, came from the ship's library.

III.—POPULAR READING.

IN reply to inquiries we have made as to the quality and quantity of books now in demand for holiday reading, our bookseller correspondents send us the following reports.

It will be seen that the popularity of sixpenny reprints of copyright novels is demonstrated:

LONDON (STRAND).

The following are in very active demand among newer books:

Rupert of Hentzau.
Evelyn Innes.
Helbeck of Bannisdale.
The Millionaires.
The Londoners.

Among old favourites, editions of Charles Dickens, Thackeray, and Sir Walter Scott are selling.

A big success is being made in the new copyright sixpenny novels issued by Messrs. Macmillan, Chatto & Windus, Cassell, and Sampson Low, although, presumably, this branch of publishing will shortly be overdone.

LONDON (OXFORD STREET).

The books specially in demand just now are Anthony Hope's *Rupert of Hentzau* and Mrs. Ward's *Helbeck of Bannisdale*.

The sale of six-shilling novels keeps up, notwithstanding the influx of cheap literature. Under the latter head, we find a large demand for Macmillan's excellent reprints of their novels, now being issued at sixpence. Old favourites like Bryce's *Shilling American Library*, also sell freely, especially among visitors from across the "Herring Pond."

EDINBURGH.

The most popular books for summer reading are novels, and the following are most in demand:

Rupert of Hentzau.
Kronstadt.
Helbeck of Bannisdale.
Silence, and Other Stories.
Life is Life.
Penelope's Experiences in Scotland.
Concerning Isabel Carnaby.

The demand for cycling maps is exceptionally good this season.

BIRMINGHAM.

The following are samples of books in good demand here:

Rupert of Hentzau.
Esmond.
Frondes Agrestes.
Lamb's Elia.
Gulliver's Travels.
Tom Jones.
Matthew Arnold's Poems.

BRIGHTON.

Brighton people still have a voracious appetite for cheap editions of standard novels.

At the same time, there is a steady demand for good works of reference on botany, &c.

Prince Ranjitsinhji has again favoured us with a very saleable book in his account of the recent cricket tour in Australia.

The new, and welcome, edition of Thackeray is still in considerable demand, which, considering the time of year, speaks well for its permanent popularity.

Of guide books, the *Contour Road Book* has "caught on" at once.

The following are popular here:

Rupert of Hentzau.
Concerning Isabel Carnaby.
Biographical Thackeray.
Sixpenny editions of Standard Novels.
Contour Road Book.
With Stoddart's Team in Australia.

EASTBOURNE.

There is little demand for books here at the present time. The sixpenny copyright novel and the sixpenny magazine seem to have completely taken the place of the 2s. and 2s. 6d. novels, of which large quantities used to be sold here every season. The books most in demand are:

Sixpenny Copyright Novels.
Rupert of Hentzau.
Life is Life.
Concerning Isabel Carnaby.

Also a few of the best of the newest 6s. novels.

HASTINGS.

A great change has come over the books purchased here for holiday reading. Formerly such books as the "Family Story-Teller" series, and the novels of Miss Braddon, Onida, Sir Walter Besant, and others sold freely, but owing to the very low-priced editions of most of the popular standard authors sold by the drapers, &c., the sale of these books has been greatly interfered with. The following are selling here:

Concerning Isabel Carnaby.
Rupert of Hentzau.
The House of Hidden Treasure.
Helbeck of Bannisdale.

Handbooks, guides, &c., of all kinds are in demand.

FOLKESTONE.

The following books stand highest in sale and library circulation for holiday reading :

Rupert of Hentzau.
Evelyn Innes.
Helbeck of Bannisdale.
House of Hidden Treasure.
Concerning Isabel Carnaby.
Forest Lovers.
The Admiral.
The Lake of Wine.
A Bride of Japan.
Bam Wildfire.
Adrienne.
Miss Balmaine's Past.
The Londoners.

RAMSGATE.

There is little demand in Ramsgate for anything but the cheap sixpenny editions of copyright novels which are being put forth by Messrs. Macmillan, Cassell, Chatto & Windus, and Sampson Low.

Among more expensive novels the following sell :

Rupert of Hentzau.
Helbeck of Bannisdale.
Quo Vadis (2s. edition).

In the library the demand is for something new and light, novels of Mrs. Hungerford's type being much wanted. The novels of Miss Corelli, Mr. H. S. Merriman, Anthony Hope, Mrs. Grand (*Beth Book*) are sought for. *The Christian*, which everyone wanted last season, has quite dropped out of sale. Books of short stories are avoided, with the exception of *Many Cargoes*, which everyone likes.

BATH.

Anthony Hope's *Rupert of Hentzau* and Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Helbeck of Bannisdale* are the only books which appear to be selling now in any quantity.

Bath is very empty during the summer months.

BUXTON.

The books chiefly in demand this year are :

Rupert of Hentzau.
Helbeck of Bannisdale.
The House of Hidden Treasure.
The Millionaires.
American Wives and English Husbands.
Silence.
Bam Wildfire.
Concerning Isabel Carnaby.
Kronstadt.

Also local stories such as—

The Dagger and the Cross.
Feveril of the Peak.
The Brave Men of Eyam.

In biography *The Two Duchesses*, by Vere Foster, being the lives of the two beautiful wives of the fifth Duke of Devonshire, is a favourite work.

The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor, by Lady Newdigate-Newdigate, will be much read here owing to an interesting description of Buxton one hundred years ago, taken from the vivacious letters of the wife of Sir Roger Newdigate, of Arbury.

IV.—BOOKS FOR AN INVALID.

A PLEA.

WE have received the following letter from a well-known novelist. His books have amused and interested many, and now that he is confined to his bed for some weeks, he begs for the titles of books that will amuse

him in turn. Perhaps some of our readers will oblige. The task is not easy, for, as his letter shows, he has been a very diligent reader of light literature.

"SIR,—Out of a poultice I cry unto you, and my feet are swathed about and my head is in pillows! Tell me books; and all your readers, let them tell me books, lest I die. For I must lie even as I am many days. Sir, I do not want great books, I particularly do not want good books, but I want amusing books—they must begin amusing, they must go on amusing, and they must end amusing. My idea of length is thirty thousand words—lasting the hour. There must be next to no pathos, because people very ill in bed will snivel at anything, and there must be nothing for dreaming—which cuts out Kipling and lots. And they must be got up to hold and read in bed. Good pictures help.

I'm afraid I've done all of Anstey and Stockton, all J. F. Sullivan; I've laughed at Frost's Bull Calf, and his old couple rolling down the hill, and been disappointed by all the rest of him. I've done Thackeray's Christmas Books, all 'Tartarin' Daudet, Jacobs, all dear Mrs. Ewing—that wonderful woman! Someone has recommended Basil Thompson, and he's on order. And there my list ends. I like *Alice in Wonderland* when I am well; but ill, it reads like brain fever. Mark Twain, who amused me once, now bores me—I can't read him, as I lie, through all the places where he is getting ready to be funny—and Max Adler, Jerome, and the rest are evidently healthy writers for my healthy readers. But is this all? I've got weeks of bed before me. Are there no other light short volumes of literary merit (I can't stand a story on the manner of a lout, or a fool, or a policeman) for me? Do help one.—I am, &c.,

LAI'D BY THE HEELS."

THE NOVEL AND THE DRAMA.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more likely to excite interest in literary students than the attempt now in progress to dramatise the most popular of Mr. Meredith's novels; for although modern experience arouses little expectation of a brilliant success, there is nothing in the nature of things to make failure inevitable. Often enough a good acting play—to employ the phrase of a business mind—has been drawn out of a novel—a play, that is to say, which, for a long succession of nights, will satisfy the ordinary British audience. But an artistic and durable success is, as yet, unachieved. And it would almost seem that the greater the novelist, the worse the play. Patriotic Scotsmen, it is true, continue to cherish Rob Roy, but it is rather for the moon-on-the-lake and the mist-on-the-heather sentiment of it, the views of Loch Lomond, the Highland boats, and dirk and claymore, than on account of any true dramatic quality. The other Waverley novels have had no vitality on the stage. Nor have those of Dickens, or Thackeray, or George Eliot—though Dan'l Bruce, with its chunk of *Silas Marner*, still, we believe,

maintains a vagrant life. The attempt to dramatise Fielding was a piece of vandalism that has not been repeated. Novelists of the second class, from Lord Lytton onwards, have achieved great temporary success on the boards, but, unfortunately, that is no proof of merit. If the crowds that went to see "Trilby" had been multiplied by a hundred, would anyone have regarded it as serious drama?

Experience would, therefore, seem to show, first, that a great play ought not to be expected from a novel, and secondly, that the more distinguished the novelist the less reason has he to hope for even a pecuniary success. On the other hand, it is certain that Shakespeare himself drew the most fruitful of his material from history and romance, and that very few of the dramatic masterpieces of the world have been absolutely invented. They are stage adaptations of legend, myth, story, or tradition. Why, then, should the modern romance not yield a result equally satisfactory? An answer will, we think, be found by appealing to the most elementary of general principles.

The simplest of all kinds of composition, the lyric, was primarily intended to be sung; it was but a human version of the wild bird's whistling or the wild beast's calling to its mate. The epic was a story to be told (chanted or sung it might be, but that was only a method of narration); it was a real or fanciful chronicle of events. But the drama was a representation or acting of life, meant to be shown not only in words but pantomime. Now it is given to no man to be equally great in all things. A Burns has the gift of song, a Chaucer or a Boccaccio is a born raconteur, a Shakespeare or a Molière has the instinct of drama. The novelist is the epic poet of our day. Long ago the father of the English novel stated this in words which are as true now as when they were written, and ran thus:

"And, farther, as this poetry may be tragic or comic, I will not scruple to say it may be likewise either in verse or prose; for though it wants one particular, which the critic enumerates in the constituent parts of an epic poem—namely, metre—yet when any kind of writing contains all its other parts, such as fable, character, action, sentiment, and diction, and is deficient in metre only, it seems, I think, reasonable to refer it to the epic."

It is not given to every man to know himself or his limitations, and great is the fascination of the footlights. The most perfect lyric poets of our time have essayed the drama; but it would be supererogatory to point out that such poems as "The Cenci," "The Foresters," and "Pauline" deserve the condemnation they have received as stage plays. It is recognised that a supreme lyric poet—unless, indeed, he be one like Shakespeare, whose genius transcends all ordinary limits—is doomed to fail as a dramatist. Equally hopeless is it to expect that the epic poet will succeed. The apparent triumph of the second-rate has no bearing on the issue. It is a virtue of wholesome mediocrity that it goes equally well in any kind of harness. He who can write a catchy novel can as easily concoct a catchy play, or, for the matter of that,

indite a sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow that will pass muster with the rest. But great work is not so easily moulded into a new shape, and to it the touch of mediocrity means disaster. There are few writers to whom this observation applies with more force than it does to Mr. Meredith.

In the first place, his methods are the very opposite of those which a dramatist must command. He is, to begin with, a novelist of the spacious type who claims time and room for the production of his effects. There are about two hundred thousand words in the *Egoist*, and not as much action as one of our later romancers would crowd into a fourth of the number of pages. To take an instance of detail. He devotes an entire chapter to elaborating the effect he wishes to produce by the remark of Mrs. Mountstuart on Sir Willoughby, "You see he has a leg." The key to his conception is disclosed in the brilliant and illuminative commentary woven round this remark. How is it to be conveyed when fifty chapters are condensed into three acts, and the picture it takes two hundred thousand words to paint has to be shown in the compass of two hours, and evolved by the deliberate elocution of actors? Which of them is going to invent a way of saying "You see he has a leg" so as to convey all that the author elaborates from the phrase?

Such a question carries us to the root of the whole difficulty. You cannot (in spite of Mr. Frank Harris's gallant attempt) work out a clear conception of Shakespeare from his plays, but the personality of the author looms over every great novel. The microcosm of Martin Chuzzlewit lives in the atmosphere given it by the character of Dickens; the innate tenderness cloaked by an external cynicism that formed the temperament of Thackeray colours all *Vanity Fair*; it is through the spectacles of George Eliot you are permitted to study the world of Adam Bede. It is the same to an even more intense degree with Mr. Meredith. He is not a writer to lose himself in his characters. You may imagine him, not subtle and plastic, losing his identity in each personage by turns, but towering and aloof, with piercing eyes divining the thought of others by the instinct of a poet, rather than sharing them by the power of sympathy. In the truest sense he is a seer, and for that very reason more intent on understanding than representing. After reading one of his books, the impression left is, that despite the gravest shortcomings of manner, a world composed of real persons has been brought under review, but the shortcomings would be much more apparent on the stage than they are in a book.

To make this clear, let us take one example. A more striking contrast does not exist in literature than that between the high-spirited Clara Middleton, in the bloom of her youth and beauty, and the tame, faded, submissive Lætitia Dale. Mr. Meredith has been brilliantly successful in setting it forth, and as long as his dominating figure is there as narrator, no confusion is possible. But set them before the footlights, and the conditions are entirely changed. Each is on her own footing. The individuals unfold the tale, and there is no

presiding master through whose glasses we behold them. In other words, the dramatist must not be content with even a divine insight into character; he must pay close attention to its outward manifestations, not merely bearing and delivery, but thought and expression. The two women could not possibly use words in the same manner, far less think alike. Such details are ignored in the novel. Take the following as instance:

"At night her diary received this entry: To-day I was a fool. To-morrow?" (That is Lætitia.)

"Her thought was: We women are nailed to our sex." (That is Clara.)

In good sooth, in neither case is it one or t'other; in both it is Mr. Meredith who speaks: Mr. Meredith athirst, as he always is, for an epigram. A hundred quotations would not make the point clearer. No matter who is speaking—mature scholar or innocent maiden, lady or peasant, soldier or squire—the author misses no chance of working in a Meredithian brilliancy. To the reader it is a pardonable offence, if not a positive virtue, since it is done without his losing a sure grip of the character. You know that Lætitia would have occupied many tear-sprinkled pages to explain that she has been a fool, and to wonder if it was a step toward wisdom, and, perhaps, a little thankful to Mr. Meredith for compressing them into six words. A fine Meredithianism is always welcome, let it issue from whose mouth it will. Yet in actual life we know how different it is. Happy the circle that has a Mrs. Mountstuart in it—there is never more than one. And if she is to be on the stage, then there must not be half a dozen rivals capable of epigrams not only equal to, but actually similar to, her own. If there are other wits, they must be different in kind, to act as foil and framework. But there is no need for them. A more important matter is to represent the various degrees of dulness which bulks so much more largely in life, and to do so without becoming dull oneself. There, perhaps, we touch one of Mr. Meredith's limitations, since it requires, beyond all else, humour, the humour that is closely allied to dream and passion and tenderness—a quality very different indeed from the cutting, hard-polished wit that illumines his page. By its means, even the bore and blockhead of daily life become perennial sources of enjoyment in art.

It may be thought that the argument so far tends to show the hopelessness of endeavouring to make a satisfactory dramatic version of a great novel. That is not so in reality; it only points to the necessity of thorough and drastic treatment. To tell a story, and to exhibit the same series of events in acted scenes, demand the exercise of very opposite powers. From the novelist you have to take away not only the commonest analysis and description which elucidates the action and makes it natural, but even the personal view from which it derives colour and atmosphere. In substitution the dramatist has the most effective system of illustration yet devised—men and women to act the parts, dress, mounting, and machinery. Knowing this, the usual

custom of the novelist is to enter into collaboration with someone who is familiar with stage requirements. The result is often as lucrative as the kindred process used to be of "adapting" a French play. If the novel be popular, a considerable proportion of readers will derive a harmless pleasure from seeing it so vividly illustrated; but that is not an artistic, or, in other words, an enduring success. We, of course, say nothing against it. The novelist legitimately calculates on a certain gain from the "dramatised version," and he is even entitled to praise for providing a pleasant and innocuous amusement for the multitude. And yet, for the sake of one here and there who is striving towards a higher ideal, even at the cost of his pocket, and on whose efforts depends the future, it is worth while to point out that all this is merely a financial arrangement—it has nothing to do with art.

To change an epic into a drama is really an act of translation that requires a genius not incomparable with that of the original creator. The material is the same, but the first erection has to be pulled down and rebuilt. And the first thing to do is to recognise exactly what the material consists of. In Mr. Meredith's case you have first an array of finely conceived and chiselled-out characters, standing in clearest outline, vivid and finished; you have the clash and encounter of opposite temperaments brought skilfully into concentrated points of struggle; you have a mind's history followed with masterly analysis and culminating in emancipation. But the action is nearly all mental; there is a scarcity of that physical contact which is so easily appreciated, and therefore so welcome, on the stage. On the other hand, the director, who in the novel not only guides but explains the movements of the puppets, has to be completely eliminated, and the action has to be re-arranged so that it will be intelligible of itself. Not only so, it must be attractive as well as clear. A public that has been accustomed to pistol and dagger, to plain fighting and crime, must have the road made very plain if it be expected to follow the fine, almost impalpable, struggles with which one soul gradually succeeds in throwing off the dominion of another.

To do so, it is evident that the dramatist must begin by resolving the material he has to work upon into its elementary condition, to get the fable as far as possible into its simplest form. In former times this was easy. Shakespeare, for instance, found his stories so simple and bald that he could have experienced no difficulty in deciding what to leave out; on the contrary, he had to call on his invention to fill up the rude outlines, and, probably, that was the very best condition in which a man of genius could obtain his material. No Shakespeare, alas! is likely this many a day to appear in our midst, but if he did, and found himself called upon to prepare a modern novel for the stage, we may be sure that, although no one could lay bare the creative part of his work, he would begin by resolving the book into those simple elements of which every novel is composed.

WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

XVII.—A CRAMMER.

He had come down, with fishing-rods and golf-clubs, to spend a week with us in the country. And one evening, after looking through the ACADEMY, he remarked that people seemed to attach an absurd importance to novels. One might read novels, as one might smoke cigars or play poker; but one didn't want to talk about them, or write about them.

And so I asked him to tell me what he had been reading during the last term.

"Mainly copies of Greek prose—inferentially bad—by pupils," was the reply.

But as to books? Well, as to that, a man who is cramming pupils for the India Civil Service and the Army had to keep himself from getting stale. Mahaffy's *Social Life in Ancient Greece* and Symonds's *Greek Poets* would help him in that. Then, too, there was that book on the Greek drama by Haig of Corpus. A new edition, too, of the *Principia Græca* had appealed to him because it was edited by a man he knew, and he wanted to snap him out, so to speak, at slip. These, with the necessity of following up all the fresh handbooks on the classics with a view of stealing a march upon the Civil Service Commissioners, had taken up most of his time.

"Magazines?"

Oh, yes, of course he looked through the magazines at the club, but you couldn't call that reading. By the way, wasn't there a new magazine just started by Pearson or Harmsworth, or one of those people? Yes, he had heard something about a quarrel between Pearson and Lipton—or Newnes and Spiers & Pond—but he didn't know what the quarrel was about. He just skimmed the foreign news in the daily paper after breakfast, and read the cricket reports, but there was no time for more.

"Novels?"

Well, he occasionally picked up a shilling story from a bookstall to read on a railway journey. But novels seldom came in his way. No man with sense and a limited income would buy novels; and he had never thought of subscribing to Mudie's. Nor had any of his colleagues. Yes, he had once bought a novel. That was *Diana of the Crossways*. And he had bought it because someone had bet him five shillings that he could not write a paraphrase of the first ten pages. He had lost his bet.

"Do you ever read the serial stories in the magazines or the weekly papers?" I asked.

"Good gracious, no!" he replied. "And I never met a man who did. You might as well get your dinner with twenty minutes between each mouthful."

"But you hav'n't told me yet," I said, "what books you read for your own satisfaction. What do you read yourself to sleep with?"

"Well, I really believe," he said, "that one or two books of essays would contain all I want to read in a general way for my personal enjoyment. I suppose when one lives a prosaic life one likes to see another man telling the prosaic facts of life and playing with them. Now I have a volume

—the 'Breakfast-Table Series'—of Wendell Holmes. It cost me 1s. 6d., I believe, and it has lived on the table by my bed for years. It doesn't send me to sleep, you know, but it sweetens sleep. There are several other books that have the same effect—the *Essays of Elia* for instance, and that edition in a mottled cover of Leigh Hunt's essays. But for putting one in a good humour with life, Wendell Holmes beats the lot. He's better than fishing, Stevenson's *Virginibus Puerisque* comes pretty near, but Stevenson hasn't Wendell Holmes's dodge of turning science into poetry. Oh, yes, a man must read poetry. But it's always the poetry he appreciated before he was five-and-twenty. I always have Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads* close at hand. You remember 'Félice'? And Chesterfield's letters to his son. I keep them on the table. They're not poetry, but they're rare good common sense. And Thackeray's *Esmond*. *Esmond* is—"

"*Esmond* is a novel," I said.

"Oh, I never regard it as a novel," he replied.

C. R.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

SIR,—The discovery by an unnamed "German philologist," which is calculated to flatter Scottish patriotism (in ACADEMY, August 13, p. 150), is, as many of your readers must have noticed, a very venerable chestnut, made to look odd by being partly rendered in a sort of German "fonetik" spelling. The story of the monosyllabic conversation between a shopman and a purchaser about the qualities of a plaid is given by Dean Ramsay in his *Scottish Life and Character* (at p. 90 of the twenty-first edition). The good Dean gives the story as showing that "the Scottish dialect is peculiarly powerful in its use of vowels"; whereas what it really illustrates is, the extent to which good, strong words may be degraded and weakened by slovenly pronunciation without becoming wholly unintelligible. The conversation, which, in its German-phonetic as given by you, winds up with "U ei, a e u," is in the accepted spelling of Scotch:

Buyer: "Oo'?" (Wool?)

Seller: "Ay, Oo'."

B: "A' oo'?"

S: "Ay, a' oo'."

B: "A' ae oo'?"

S: "Ou ay, a' ae oo'" (O yes, all of one wool).

D. P.

Edinburgh: Aug. 17, 1898.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"THE HOUSE OF HIDDEN TREASURE."

WHAT is the difference between sympathetic and unsympathetic criticism? It may well be the difference between the *Outlook* and the *Chronicle* in their judgments on "Maxwell Gray's" new novel. Evidently the two critics

have many points in agreement. Yet compare their views on the same book:

The Outlook.

"The writer is clearly one who has a sense of the responsibilities of art, and who strives energetically to realise her ambition. But the reviewer is bound to the practice of truth, and the truth is that *The House of Hidden Treasure* is all awry as a picture of life. 'Maxwell Gray' seems to have attempted something between a Hawthornesque picture and a nightmare after the manner of Poe. The main theme of the story—the redemption and illumination of a 'house accursed' by the influence of a pure woman—is decidedly in the vein of Hawthorne; certain touches, such as a nursery of idiot children, are reminiscent of the author of *The House of Usher*. But all such comparison is concerned with externals; the treatment of the plot owes nothing to any past-master. The tale, indeed, lacks the first essential of storytelling; it is narrated in an involved and involuted fashion, ranging from period to period, from group to group, until the ingenuity of the reader is taxed to the utmost to follow its course and understand its character. It is very ill-constructed, and is further hampered by heavy and irrelevant dialogue, through which, from page to page, not a single point is gained, either in the advancement of the interest or the elucidation of character. Nor, with the single exception of the heroine, who is cleverly and sympathetically drawn, do the characters themselves bear any convincing relation to life. They are painted garishly, with touches which are at times almost ludicrous in crudity, and are further backed by the picture of this *House of Hidden Treasure*, which is described with such a wealth of detail as only serves to accentuate its impossibility. Here and there we get a passage which

The Daily Chronicle.

"There is a strong and pervading charm in this new novel by 'Maxwell Gray.' It is prolix; it is overcrowded; it is idealised and enthusiastic; it runs on a well-worn track, with heroes as women see heroes, and heroines as we used more frequently to see them in the sober middle Victorian age. That is but natural, for in a story which covers nearly half a century we must look for more than one or two Victorian types.

Are we speaking ill or well of this glowing romance of the woman of fifty, the new woman who is the old, who sowed her wild oats when the mothers of our modern madcaps were prim, conventional damsels, and who blossomed at the century end with a fresh heart and a couple of suitors? It is well or ill precisely as the reader likes to think. We have said that the book has a pervading charm, but it will have no charm for one who loves stifling odours and medicated savours, such as might be distilled from some delirious chronicle of illicit love. There is here no artful combination of the sensuous and the neurotic, of the emotional in religion and the physical in human relationship. Grace Dorrien is neither an Offenbachian fretting against the bars of a nunnery, nor a Wagnerite who sells her body for the development of her voice. If she is a document in any sense, it is on the old-fashioned lines of restraint, reticence, and self-renunciation. The daughter of a gambling father and a querulous mother, she has little of the joy of life except what she wrests for herself by her girlish escapades. These are followed by more than a quarter of a century of loneliness and poverty, during which she learns to possess her soul in patience. 'C'est ainsi que Dieu forge une âme.' 'Dear, that gold cup,' the youngest

reminds us that 'Maxwell Gray' can see a natural landscape clearly and reproduce it faithfully, but in the present novel her success is almost entirely confined to occasionally felicitous pictures. The plot of the tale is laboriously overwrought and unreal, and the characters fit their setting. In a word, the story (and we say it with genuine regret) — the story 'will not do.'

of her lovers says to her, 'See how the light lives in the rubies—buried in the gloom and silence of centuries and chanced upon at last; that is your emblem.' And that is the emblem of 'Maxwell Gray's' book. She has sat down to draw her ideal woman, a woman's ideal; middle-aged, yet not too old to fascinate; feminine of soul, yet ignoring the physical problems which morbid women allow themselves to ponder; intense, yet cheerful and delicate in all her thoughts; yearning for love, yet capable of the *gran rifiuto*; a hidden jewel, storing its priceless beauty until the destined eye of God or man shall light on it at last."

The Scotsman unites these two verdicts in its own:

"The book is like a piece of old brocade—rich in colour and quality. It is very sad, parts of it are hopelessly unreal, but much of it is exquisitely written, and it is warmly to be recommended."

Is it the varying abilities of the critics to endure 125 degrees in the sun that is just now making them contradict each other with more than usual flatness. Take the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Chronicle* in their reviews of Mr. William Sharp's new story,

"WIVES IN EXILE."

The *Daily Telegraph*.

The *Daily Chronicle*.

"Mr. William Sharp's latest production is a delightful little comedy. Bright, quaint, and very amusing, it is related in a racy, polished style which gives the simple tale a touch of distinction."

"He [Mr. Sharp] is wondrous playful, but the play will not amuse everybody. This is the way these two ladies talked on board the yacht:

'Oh, you golden-haired, darling atrocity! I warn you I'll be even with you for that! Apologise—withdraw—or, or, I'll, I'll—'

'What?'

'Scandalise you as well as the mainsail!'

'Ha, ha, Capt. my Capt! Now I have you! Tell me straight, can you scandalise the mainsail?'

'Yes, Nora, I can.'

'You can? Well, then, how?'

'By compromising its relations with the flying jib.'

'Oh, you fraud, you fraud! How dare you, Honour, impute evil ways and doings to those innocent white sails! I ask you, you scaramouch, how dare you?'

THE NEW "DON QUIXOTE."

WHEN we come to scholarship we find agreement. Thus two learned critics who discuss Mr. James Fitzmaurice Kelly's new edition of the Spanish text of *Don Quixote* are in singular agreement. Take their attitude to Mr. Kelly's contention that the emendations in the second and third editions of *Don Quixote* were not from Cervantes' pen, and that, therefore, the first, or 1605 edition, is the purest text.

Literature.

"There are some novel and important additions and corrections in the second and third editions which could only have been made by the author or by someone on his behalf. Mr. Kelly, in his veneration for the first and uncorrected text of 1605, even goes so far as to characterise some of the new passages as 'insipid vulgarities,' and to suggest that it was some imitator after the style of Avellaneda, with 'less talent' than the Aragonese, who introduced the episode of the stealing of Sancho's ass. This is surely a little intrepid, when we know how jealous Cervantes was of his own work—how bitterly he resented the meddling of any other hand with his *Don Quixote*, and how he himself has spoken of these very passages presumed to be spurious and characterised as insipid and vulgar. Surely Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly has forgotten the closing words of Cid Hamet Benengeli on taking leave of his goosequill: 'Para mi solo nació Don Quixote y yo para él: él supo obrar y yo escribir; solos los dos somos para en uno.' I shall be curious to know what Mr. Kelly will do with that speech of Sancho's in the Second Part (chap.

'Well, dear, you would insist on my scandalising that mainsail somehow or other, and I couldn't see any way out of it except by implicating that respectable party in a *liaison* with another sail.'

Readers who find this dialogue entertaining will be glad to know that there is plenty more like it in Mr. Sharp's book."

The Athenæum.

"It [the second edition] contains important changes. There is, for instance, the alteration thanks to which Don Quixote constructs his rosary of oakgalls, and there are the interpolated passages which tell the reader of the stealing and recovery of Dapple. These insertions are, there is no question, clumsily contrived—so clumsily that in the Brussels edition an attempt was made to bring them into better harmony with their surroundings. Cervantes, too, was living at Valladolid, nearly thirty-two leagues from Madrid, and therefore our editors argue that there cannot have been time for the publisher to communicate with him, and that the additions and corrections were introduced by some bookseller's hack or by the printer. But it is difficult to believe that Sancho's lamentations over the loss of Dapple, or his rejoicings at its recovery, were written by anyone except Cervantes: they read like his handiwork, and in the Second Part he seems to recognise the former passage as his own, for he makes Sancho say:

'I looked for my ass and did not see him. The tears rushed to my eyes, and I set up a lamentation which, if

iv.), about this very business of the interpolation of the ass-stealing. Will this passage also be relegated to an appendix in small print: 'Hice una lamentacion que si no la puso el autor de nuestra historia puede hacer cuenta que no puso cosa buena?'

the author of our history has not put in, you may reckon he has not put in a good thing.'

This can only mean, we are inclined to think, that Cervantes wrote the passage relating the loss of Dapple for insertion in the second edition, if not in the first."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, August 18.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

THE SECOND THOUGHTS OF AN IDLE FELLOW. By Jerome K. Jerome. Hurst & Blackett. 3s. 6d.

THE TEMPLE CLASSICS: MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS. Translated by Meric Casaubon. J. M. Dent & Co. 1s. 6d.

SCIENCE.

A CLASSIFICATION OF VERTEBRATA RECENT AND EXTINCT. By Hans Gadow, M.A., Ph.D. A. & C. Black. 3s. 6d.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF REGENTS OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE, FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1895. Government Printing Office, Washington, U.S.A.

NEW EDITIONS OF FICTION.

THE EMIGRANT SHIP. By W. Clark Russell. Sampson Low. 6d.

THE CELIBATES' CLUB: BEING THE UNITED STORIES OF THE BACHELORS' CLUB AND THE OLD MAIDS' CLUB. By I. Zangwill. Wm. Heinemann. 6s.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY: SKETCH BOOKS. Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.

PICTURES OF WAR. By Stephen Crane. Wm. Heinemann. 6s.

TOLD IN THE VERANDAH. By Lieut.-Col. D. Heming. Lawrence & Bullen. 1s.

KING BILLY OF BALLARAT, AND OTHER STORIES. By Morley Roberts. Lawrence & Bullen. 1s.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

TRAVELS IN TARTARY, THIBET, AND CHINA DURING THE YEARS 1844-5-6. By M. Huc. Translated from the French by W. Hazlitt. 2 vols. New Edition. Kegan Paul & Co.

FIFTY YEARS IN SOUTH AFRICA. By G. Nicholson. W. W. Greener. 6s.

A CONCISE GUIDE TO THE TOWN AND UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE. By John Willis Clark. Macmillan & Bowes. 1s.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL. Written for Lay Readers by Carl Heinrich Cornill, Ph.D. The Open Court Publishing Co. (Chicago). 7s. 6d.

SIR HENRY LAWRENCE THE PACIFICATOR. By Lieut.-General J. J. McLeod Innes. Clarendon Press.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

TEXTS AND STUDIES: CONTRIBUTIONS TO BIBLICAL AND PATRISTIC LITERATURE. Edited by J. Armitage Robinson, D.D. Vol. VI., No. 1: THE LAUSIAC HISTORY OF PALLADIUS. By Dom Cuthbert Butler. Camb. Univ. Press. 7s. 6d.

THE CHRISTIAN TEACHING. By Leo Tolstoy.
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INDEX TO THE PERIODICALS OF 1897. *Review*
of Reviews Office.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MR. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR'S book is
rapidly going through the press, and will
be published early in the autumn season.
It is illustrated with coloured plates and
hundreds of illustrations in the text. Mr.
Heinemann has another book of travel in
preparation: Mr. Cunninghame Graham's
account of his experiences in Morocco, and
his trouble with Rifian brigands.

MR. HEINEMANN has also two elaborate
Art works in preparation for this autumn.
The Life of Thomas Gainsborough, by Walter
Armstrong, published in large folio, will
contain between fifty and sixty photogravure
plates, most of them from photographs
specially taken for this book; also coloured
reproductions of his drawings. The other
work is *The Life of Leonardo da Vinci*, from
the pen of Eugène Müntz, Keeper of the
Works of Art at the École des Beaux-Arts
and author of the celebrated *Life of Raphael*.

MESSRS. JAMES NISBET & Co., LTD., pro-
pose to issue in the autumn a *Life of Danton*,
written by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, late Scholar
of Balliol College, Oxford. The book will
contain nine chapters, and will be furnished
with a complete index; an appendix will
be added, containing some half-dozen of
documents illustrating the biography, one
of which has never before been published.

MESSRS. JAMES NISBET & Co. will also issue
a new book by Major Martin A. S. Hume,
The Great Lord Burleigh. Major Hume here
deals with a period which he knows well,
his *Courtship of Queen Elizabeths* being proof
of this. He has had every advantage at
Burghley House, Hatfield, and elsewhere,
in the preparation of his present work.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish on
August 22 a new novel by Mrs. B. M.
Croker, entitled *Peggy of the Bartons*. The
story describes the lot of a village maiden,
who, marrying an officer whose personal
charms are only equalled by his selfishness,
finds too late that her idol has feet of clay.
Admirers of Mrs. Croker may be glad to
hear that the book has a happy ending.

AMONG the new volumes of poems to be
published by Mr. Elliot Stock during the
coming autumn is *Waima, and other Verses*,
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